

Christian Schmit

1767

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Cervantes
THE MOST
Admirable and Delightful
HISTORY

Of the ATCHIEVEMENTS of
Don Quixote de la Mancha:

CONTAINING
His many wonderful Adventures, noble
Exploits, and Undaunted Engagements for the
matchless PRINCESS

Dulcinea del Toboso ;

With the various Occurrences that attended his
LOVE and ARMS to his Death.

LIKEWISE
The merry Humours of his unfortunate
'Squire *Sancho Pancha,*

Who follow'd the Chimerical Knight in all his
Encounters. Illustrated with several Moral
Reflections ; and adorn'd with Cuts.

Done from the Spanish Edition.

London, Printed for D. Pratt, at the Bible and
Crown against York-house in the Strand. 1721.



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The Most
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HISTORY
O F
Don Quixote de la Mancha.

C H A P. I.

*Don Quixote's first setting out ; His being Dubb'd
a Knight by an Innkeeper, and his ridiculous Hu-
mours with two young Whores, which he took to
be Ladies, &c.*

IN a Village in the Mancha in Spain, lived Don Quixote, alias Quixada. And tho' he was a Man who always bore a very great Conceit of himself, yet the most judicious lookt upon him rather an Object of Mirth, than one fitly Qualified to Polish the Conversation of Mankind : And this gave Occasion for his Wandering up and down from Town to Town, cas'd up in rusty old Armour, with a Target and Lance, and a founderd old Horse, with but one Spur to his Boots, knowing very well the old Proverb, *That if one side of the Horse went on, the other must needs follow af-*

ter. As for his Family it was much like himself, consisting of a Clownish Fellow, to do his Business in the Field, an old Bawd to manage the Household Affairs, and a young Niece, as 'tis thought for his private Recreation.

His Studies were bright and elaborate, for when he had any leisure Time to spare, which was for the most part employ'd in reading Stories of Knight-Errantry; which he did with so great an Appetite, that he forgot all other Exercises, and let his Estate go at Sixes and Sevens, selling a fair Possession to purchase to himself Books of this Nature, and stuffing his small Cottage with whole Wheelbarrows full of waste Paper: Yet none of these famous Writers tickled his Fancy like the Works of the Renowned *Feliciano de Sylva*, especially when he met in him such haughty Expressions as these.

The reason of your unreasonableness, which has affronted my Reason, has incensed my Reason in such a manner, that I have just reason to complain of your Beauty.

And,

The sublime Heavens of your Divinity, which raise you to the Stars, and make you deserver of the Desert, which your Grandure deserves, &c.

With such Conceits as these, was he so much disturb'd; that he was banish'd from all Repose, so plaguily was he hamper'd with the Intricacy of those Mysteries, in which even *Aristotle* himself would have been lost.

But the greatest of his Misfortunes proceeded from reading of those bloody Cuts and Slashes which *Don Belianis* both gave and receiv'd, believing if the Surgeon was never so skilful, that they could not be cur'd without a great many
Scars

Scars and wry Faces: He betook himself to his Studies, with that Resolution and Passionateness, that what with excess of poring, and want of Sleep, the whole Moisture of his Brain was quite exhausted; insomuch that all his Senses forsook their Quarters, his empty *pericraneum* being stuffed with nothing but the lumber of Incantments, Quarrels, Encounters, Battles, Challenges, Wounds, Love-Letters, Amorous Addresses, Torments of Despair, horrible Woes, dire Distresses, Labarintns, Intregues, Possibilities, Impossibilities, &c. and so deep a Root had these charming Follies taken in his Fancy; that he believ'd for Gospel all the frivolous Fables, and Chimera's that he read, as the Knight of the *Burning Pistle*, who with one back swing of his Faulchion, cut in the middle two Gyants, both of which were as tall as a couple of large Steeples, and about Ten Yards about in the Waste, and likewise of *Bernardo del Capiro*, who sent the enchanted *Robdan* to the Devil, by Dextrously squeezing of his Wind-pipe.

In short, having lost his Wits, the strangest Whymfie entered him that ever possessed a distracted Noddle; which was, after some ripeness of Thought, to turn Knight Errant, with Intention to put in practice whatever he had read.

Poor in Purse, but rich in Conceit, he had in Imagination already, the Diadem of *Persia*, and prepares himself to take the Field: His first Business was to scour a suit of Armour, as indeed wanted it, which some Ages had been lay'd up and forgotten amongst Garret Lumber: But however rubbing and brightning them as much as he could, the Devil a bit could there be found of any Helmet, but only a single Head-piece; for supplying of which defect, he Pastes together several pieces of brown Paper, which Invention, tho' it mightily pleased him; yet he thought it proper to make
 tryal

tryal whether it would stand Proof against the keenness of a Cutlace, and not finding it effective, bethinks himself of lining it with thin Plates of Iron; which he did so Artificially, that now fully satisfied with the strength and sufficiency of it, he resolved to confide in it.

In the next place he went to visit his Steed, a lean ill-favour'd Jade, yet by the judicious Champion valued at the rate of *Alexander's Bucephalus*, or *Cesar's cloven Footed Barb*. More than half the time the World was created in; he took to Name him, and at length, after much chopping and changing, he pitched upon the celebrated and lofty Name of *Rosinante*.

His next care was to find out some proper Name for himself, sitting in serious Debate to this purpose, for the space of eight Days, at the end of which, he concluded upon the Worshipful, Honourable, Right Honourable Name of *Don Quixot*. Yet finding the Valiant *Amadis*, (not content with the plain Name of *Amadis*, without the Addition of his Nation and Country to render it Famous) gave himself the Title of *Amadis de Gaul*; he thought it highly necessary to Embellish his own Name with his Countries Denomination; and therefore styl'd himself *Don Quixote of Mancha*.

Supposing now nothing more wanting, than to find out some Doxie to be the Lady of his best Affections: For, said he to himself, should it so happen that I should meet with some Gyant (as is usual for Knight-Errants to do) and I should lay him sprawling at the first Encounter, would it not be proper to send this Trophy of my Valour to some Lady or other? And that the Gyant so vanquish'd and mangled, should at his first entrance into her Presence, throw himself at her Feet, and trembling cry: *Fairest of Ladies, I am the Giant Caraculambro, Lord of the Island of Malindrama, vanquish'd*

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

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vanquish'd in single fight, by the most Renown'd and Valiant Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has here sent me to present my self a Prostrat Captive to your Illustrious Sublimity, for your Highness to dispose of at your most absolute Will and Pleasure.

But *Don Quixote* had not long studied to think of one fit to be the Idol of his Amorous Devotions, before he thought of a young smirking fresh-colour'd Wench, that lived in a Village, adjoining to his, who went for a Maid, but in truth was no other then a Whore with whom the Knight had formerly been in Love; tho' for her part, being unacquainted with his Passion, she took no notice of his Kindness; her Name was *Aldonza Lorenzo*, which the Don thinking did not agree with the Worth of so great a Lady and Princess as she was like to be, turn'd it into that of *Dulcinea del Toboso*; for that his Mistress was a Native of that Village, as being wonderfully pleased to hear the smooth Musical, Poetical running of the Syllables so proper for Sonnets, Madrigalls, and Serenades.

Don Quixote having supply'd himself of all necessary Accoutrements, resolv'd no longer to delay his Entrance upon the Theatre of the World, and accordingly one Morning before Day mounting *Rosinante*, away he sneak'd out at a back Gate, without being in the least perceiv'd; but scarce had he jogged on above a hundred slow Paces from his Habitation, when a most terrible scruple of Conscience had like to have made him renounce the whole Enterprize; which was, that he had never yet been Dubb'd, as the Laws of Knighthood required; and therefore that he neither could nor ought to Challenge or Fight any professed Knight; but having laid these mutinous Quilms (by a Resolution of being Dubb'd by the next Person he met) as he had observ'd in the Progress of his

Studies, on he troop'd, leaving it to the Discretion of his Horse to go which way he pleas'd in search of Adventures. In this March a thousand Dreams and Fancies rocking his delighted Soul: What a Pleasure, said he, for future Ages to read the Story of my famous Acts? When the grave Penman of this my first Career in search of Fame, shall thus begin: *Scarce had the bright-hair'd Phæbus begun to dishevel his Golden Tresses on the silent Earth; and scarce the little Birds had tun'd their Pipes to sing their early welcome to the beautiful Aurora, who having newly left her jealous Paramours Bed, began to shew herself to drowsie Mortals from the Balconies of la Mancha's Horizon, when the Renowned Knight Don Quixote, disdainng effeminate Repose, and the soft Pleasures of Voluptuous Dreams, mounted his fierce Courser Rosinante, entered the Antient and Delightful Plains of Montiel.*

While he was intent on these and such like rambling Thoughts, looking wishly about him, in hopes to discover either some Castle or Shepherds Cottage wherein to rest himself and his weary Steed, he espied an Inn just upon the shutting in of Day-light: Now as it happen'd, two young Gills, who where to go the next Day to *Sevil* with the Carrier, stood cooling themselves at the Inn Door, which fell luckily out for him, whose head was so much intoxicated with Romances, that he no sooner saw the Inn, but he imagined it to be a Castle with Towers, fortified with Motes and Draw-Bridges, and all those other Fortifications describ'd in the Stories of Knight-Errantry: Therefore making a halt at the Gate of this imaginary Fortrefs, expecting when some Dwarf would sound his Horn to give notice of the Arrival of a strange Knight; but finding that no Dwarf appeared, and that *Rosinante* had more mind to be in the Stable, he advanced to the Inn-Gate, where espying the two young

young hackney Sinners, he took them for Ladies of Quality standing at the Gate of the Castle for the benefit of the Air. And a Swineherd also luckily hapning at that instant to sound his Horn three times to call home his Hogs, the Musick so tickl'd *Don Quixote's* Ear, that he now believed the Dwarf had given notice of his Approach. Thereupon he joyfully rode up to the two Jilts, who beholding so rusty an Apparition, and being more used to naked Conversation, and disarm'd Carnality, were about to take to their Heels; but the Knight rightly conjecturing their Terror by their flight, with soft Expressions stopt their Career; and the Inn-keeper appearing at the same time, thus accosted the Don: *Sir Knight, if you seek for Refreshments in this place, you will fail of nothing but a Bed; for all things else are at your Service: Don Quixote mov'd with the humility of the Lord of the Castle (for such he had fancy'd the Inn-keeper to be) thus reply'd, Worthy Paladine, the meanest trifle suffices me, my delight is not in delicious Diet, and gaudy Curtains and Vallens: My Arms are all the Ornament and Equipage I admire, and Combat is my Bed of Repose.*

The Inn-keeper could not well apprehend him at first by the Name of *Paladine*; but having been an old Bully, and understanding Trap, it was not long e'er he took the Elevation of the Knight-Er-rants Pole; and so humouring him accordingly, held the Stirrup whilst the Don after some Difficulty dismounted; when finding his Feet on firm Ground, he recommended his Steed to the special Care of the *Paladine*, and then became very sweet upon the two young Wenches, whom he honour'd with the Title of Ladies, and begged a thousand Pardons for the trouble they had voluntarily taken upon them, in having helped him off with his Armour.

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The Renowned History of



C H A P. II.

*The pleasant Relation of Don Quixote's being
Dubb'd a Knight Errant.*

THE perplexity the Don was in for want of Dubbing, caus'd him to make all the quick and imaginable Dispatch of his short Commons, and after he had clear'd his Trencher, he arose and carry'd the Innkeeper along with him into the Stable, where he fell at his Feet, and in an unwonted Rapture of Grief and Melancholy, thus bespoke him : *From this place, most Noble Paladine, said he, I never meant to depart till your Lordship shall have vouchsafed to grant to me one single Boon.* The Innkeeper amaz'd to hear him use such a Style, and to see him at his Feet, and finding that no Importunity would make him to promise him to do it. 'Twas no more than

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unanimity, reply'd the Don, and then proceeding, told him, *That it was the Favour only of being Dubbed by him into the Order of Knighthood the next Day; and that he might be permitted to keep his Vigils arm'd that Night in the Chapel belonging to his Castle, to prepare him for the Illustrious Character after which he so passionately thirsted.*

The Innkeeper, who was as arch as the Devil could make him, resolv'd to gratifie his Humour, and therefore not only promis'd him the Boon, but also applauded his Judgment in the Choice of so honourable a Design, than which nothing more glorious could be enterpriz'd by a Knight of his graceful Meen and Dedortment, telling him, *That he himself had pursu'd the same Chace of Honour in his Youth, leaving no Parts of the World unvisited, wherein he expected to meet with any Heroick Adventures, till at length he came to retire to that Castle, where he lived upon his own Revenues, and the Spoils of others.*

As for any Chapel, saith he, I confess I have none; however I know well that a Probationer may keep his Vigils where he pleases, either in a Tower of a Castle, or the like, that seems to have been built for that purpose, assuring him, that in the Morning he would not fail to compleat the Ceremony.

The Don having listen'd with some Attention to the Paladine, went and fetch'd all his rusty Furniture together, and placed them in great order in a Horse-Trough in the Yard, which he fancy'd to be the Tower, and then with a fierce Aspect embracing his Target and Lance, he took several turns before it. Now while the Knight was thus performing his Vigils, one of the Carriers that lodg'd in the Inn, came to water his Mules, which he could not do without removing the Arms out of the Trough, whom Don Quixote no sooner espy'd, but

But knowing his design, by way of prevention, in a loud and furious Tone, thus accosted him? *Fool-hardy Knight*, says he, *whoe'er thou art, that thus daringly presum'd to approach my Arms, take heed what thou doest, unless weary of thy Life, thou hast a mind to forfeit it as a Punishment for thy head-long Temerity.*

A warning sufficient, one would have thought, for any body in their Wits; but the indiscreet Carrier was so far from minding the high-flown Menaces of the Don, that he took the Arms, and toss'd 'em from the Trough, just as if he had been playing at Quoits. But he had better been asleep in his Bed, for the Champion, whose Honour thus lay at Stake, let drive his Launce at the audacious Carrier, and gave him such a blow, that he laid him sprawling at his Feet; which done, the Don gathering up the scatter'd pieces of his Armour, put them again into the Trough, and renew'd his Ceremony as before: But soon after, another Carrier, not knowing what had hapned, coming likewise, and making the same Attempt, he lay'd on him so fast that he broke his Skull in three or four places, who roaring out Murther, rais'd up all the rest of the Carriers in the Inn. Whom the Don no sooner saw a coming, but he braced on his Target, and with his Sword drawn in his Hand, stood fully resolv'd for the Encounter, and not to abandon his beloved Armor, who yet in revenge of their Fellow Traveller, gave the Knight such a Volley of Stones, that they rang upon his Shield again: But at last the Storm ceas'd, and the Don permitting the Enemy to carry off their wounded, return'd again very calmly to his Arms, as before. When the Innkeeper, who thought he had had Pastime enough, coming up to him, and excusing the Insolence of the Bumpkins, gave him to understand, that now if he pleas'd, the remaining

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part of the Ceremony should be perform'd, which might, as he had assur'd him as well be done in the Field, or any other place, as in a Chapel, *since* he had none, as was apparent by the *Register* of the Ceremonies of that Order. And so causing Don Quixote to kneel in the Yard where he was, and reading in his Account Book, as if he had been reading some sort of devout Form, lifted up his hand, and gave him such a dab in the Neck, that he made him lowre so low, as to kiss the Buttons of his Doublet, and then gave him such another flap with the Flat of his Sword on the Blade-bone, as made him shrink up again; which done, he order'd one of the Trulls that was waiting upon him, together with a Boy that carry'd before him a lighted Candle, to gird on his Sword about his Waste. In return of which, the Knight desir'd to know what was her Name, *That as he was oblig'd to her for this Favour, so he might make her sharer in all the future Honour of his Atchievements.* To which Madam Modesty very humbly reply'd, *That her Name was Betty, and that she was the Daughter of a Cobler; that she was both there and in all other places very much at his Service, wherever she should have the happiness to meet him.* Upon which the Don desir'd that she would hereafter, for his sake, wear the Title of Madam, which she promis'd to do. The other Nymph, in the mean time, put on his Spurs, which occasion'd the same Dialogue between them two, who was also oblig'd by this new Knight to Stile herself Madam.

These wonderful Ceremonies being perform'd, the Don hastens out for Adventures, after he had made some tedious Complements to the Innkeeper, who, glad to be rid of him, reply'd very short, and not so much as stop'd his Horse for the Reckoning.

The Sun was no sooner up, when Don Quixote quitted the Inn, so frolick and jocular to find himself Dubb'd, that he infused the same satisfaction into his Horse, who was ready to burst his Girths for joy; but calling to mind the private Advice which the Innkeeper had given him to provide himself of all necessary Accomodations for Travel, as Money, change of Shirts, a good trusty Squire, &c. he resolved to return home for this purpose, having already fix'd upon a Neighbour of his, whom he thought fitly qualified for his Squire; scarce had he rid two hundred Paces before he fancied he heard a mournful Voice, upon which, giving *Rosinante* a gentle Spur, he hastned to the place whence it proceeded, and beheld a most doleful Spectacle of a young Lad about thirteen Years of Age, stript and ty'd to a Tree, who sent forth those miserable Lamentations, and not without Reason; for a barbarous, lusty, raw-bon'd Country Man, with an unmerciful twist of Leather Thongs was taring of his Hide, and betwixt every lash tutoring and upbraiding him with a Proverb. Don Quixote therefore beholding the inhuman Cruelty of the Fellow, and moved with Indignation, Discourteous Knight; cries he, it is an unworthy Action to assail a Person that is naked, and not able to defend himself; but mount thy Steed, and handle thy Lance, (for he took the Farmers Mole-sicker that lay by him for such) and thou shalt find thou hast acted like a Coward, and a Son of a Whore. The Countryman giving himself over for lost at the sight of such an Apparition, quaking and shivering for fear, made Answer: Sir Knight, quoth he, this young Hedgebird is my Servant, that I employ about my Sheep, but so careless, that he loses one or two every day, and therefore I punish him. It is true, continued he, that he says I do not pay him his Wages, but it is an

impudent

*Impudent Lye : The Lye in my Presence, Dog, quoth the Don, by the Sun that shines, I'll run my Lance thro' thy Lungs, unbind the Boy, I say, and pay him presently, or I'll annihilate thee out of hand; which the Countryman not daring to contradict, unbound him forthwith; at this the Don questioned he Lad how much it was that was owing him; and casting of it up according to what he hold him, order'd it to be paid by the Farmer, adjuring him by the Honour of Knighthood, of which he was a Companion, not to fail him, upon which cry'd the young Rogue; *Alas Sir, My Master never was a Knight in his Life, he is no more than plain Gaffer Haldudo of Quintanar. That's nothing, reply'd Don Quixote, there may be Knights among the Haldudo's for ought I know; but however, he that bravely do's, is a Herauld to himself, since every Man's the Son of his own Works. Ay but, Sir, of what Works is he the Son, cry'd the young Urchin, who denies me the sweat of my own brows?* So after a long Parley, Don Quixote left him with saying, *Be sure thou provest true to thy Word and Oath, for if thou failest but a Half-penny, I swear to fud thee out, tho' hid as deep within the bowels of the Earth as a Lizard; and that thou mayest understand that thou art either to oblige with Safety, or to offend at thy Peril; Know that I am the Valiant Don Quixote of Mancha, the very flail of all Oppression, and scourge of Injustice.**

He was not gone far from hence, but he perceiv'd himself to be in a place where four Roads met, and remembering that it was a thing usual for Knight-Errants to do, stop'd and consulted which way to take; but not being able to determine, gave *Rosinante* his head, who took the directest way to his own Stable; of which he had not gone above the space of two Miles, but he perceiv'd a great Company to follow him, who prov'd to be the
 Merchants

Merchants of Toledo, that were going to buy Silks at Murcia, with three of their Servants on Horseback, and three on Foot to lead their Mules. Don Quixote no sooner spy'd them, but he presently imagin'd it to be some Adventure, and fixing himself in his Stirrups, prepares for the Combat, posting in the middle of the Highway. And no sooner was the supposed Knight-Errants come up with in hearing, but he accosts them in this manner: *That Man, Sir Knights, who adventures an Inch farther, saith he, moves at his Peril, unless he acknowledge the incomparable Empress of Mancha Dulcinea del Toboso to be the most Peerless Beauty in the World.* Which words, and the oddness of the Disguise he was in, soon made them discover what sort of Figure it was that spoke to them; amongst whom, one of them willing to have a little Diversion, and to understand farther the meaning of so extravagant a Demand, in smooth and calm Language thus address'd him: *Sir Knight, said he, we never saw this Lady in our Lives, but let us have a Sight, and if she be the Phœnix you speak of, we shall be ready to comply.* But this satisfy'd not the Champion, who thought them oblig'd at the only sound of her Name to confess what he had asserted; and therefore he defy'd them all for Sons of Whores and Lyars; Notwithstanding, the Merchants only desir'd to see so much as the Picture of her, and told him that they were so much inclined to favour his Mistress, that if her Picture should represent her blind of one Eye, and the other distilling Brimstone and Quick-silver; yet it would be the same thing. *Distill you damn'd Scoundrel,* reply'd the Knight, *there distills nothing from her but Civit and Amber; and therefore know, you shall severely pay for the Blasphemies you have uttered against her Beauties* and so saying, ran his Lance with so much Fury

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at the Spokesman, that had not *Rosinante* chanc'd to have stumbled, the Audacious Merchant had pay'd very dear for his flearing; but *Rosinante* fell, and so did his Master, who tumbling in the Dust, cry'd out, *Hold Scoundrels, hold, abide my Fury, &c.*

Upon this, one of the Mule-drivers forc'd his Lance out of his Hand, and with the butt-end of it, did so belabour him, that you would have thought he had been threshing of Corn, and tho' the Merchants call'd to him to cease, could not forbear rib-roasting him, till he had almost pounded him to Green Sauce; which done, the Driver left him, and the Merchants pursu'd their Journey with Matter enough both for Mirth and Discourse.

C H A P. III.

Don Quixote is carry'd home by a Countryman that knew him: The Parish-Priest, and a Barber of his Acquaintance, with his Niece and Maid, Humour him, make a Survey of his Library, burn all his Books of Knight-Errantry; and persuade him they were carried away by Conjur-ation.

DON Quixote finding himself in this helpless Condition; began to bethink of what he had read in Romances, and not long studying, his fruit-ful Follies brought to his Memory the Story of Baldwin, and the Marquess of Mantua, when Char-lott left the former of these wounded in the Mountain, and fancying himself just in the same Condition with him, with a languishing Voice began to breath out the very same Expressions which that Author puts into his Knights Mouth, and as
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good Fortune would have it, just as he came to these words: *O Noble Marquess of Mantua, my Uncle, &c.* came by a poor labouring Man, one of his own Village, (and living not far from his House) with a Sack of Meal, which he had fetch'd from the Mill, and seeing him lie along the ground, ask'd him who he was, and why all that doleful complaint; the Knight answer'd him not a Word, but continu'd repeating his Verses, and recounting all his Misfortunes word for word, as they are in the Story, the Labourer astonish'd at such a world of Romantick Gibrish, lifted up the Visor of his Helmet, bruis'd as it was, and washing his Face, and kowing him: *Alas! Master Quixada, said he, is it you? Who was the Taylor that made you this Iron Suit? How came you in this Condition?* But do what he could, the other answer'd him not, but went on repeating his Romance; at which time the poor Man fell a searching for his Wounds, but finding none, with a great deal of trouble made shift to get him upon his Legs, and then uncasing him, heav'd him upon his Ass, fastning all his Armour to *Rozinante's* Saddle, and so driving the Ass softly before him, he led *Rozinante* by his Bridle, and cursing him to Hell for his Extravagancies, made all the haste he could to the Village, to be rid of him; and being unwilling that the Don should be seen so ill-mounted, stay'd under a Hedge, at some distance till it was dark, and then led him home, the Curate and the Barber, his usual Companions, and his Servant Maid was just then discoursing the Point of her Master's Misfortune; who had been absent for the space of six Days, and as I am born to Die, saith she, I'll be hang'd if he is not turn'd Knight-Errant; for I have often heard him say, he intended it. His Neice likewise was making the same Complaint to the Barber, describing all the Tricks of the Bed-

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lamite when he was at home; and the strange Whimfies that would of a suddain seize him, as fencing against a Wall, hacking and hewing of Posts, &c. all which Discourse, when the lab'ring Man had heard, he called as loud as he could bawl, open the Gates there, for the Marquess of Mantua, and the Lord Baldwin, who is return'd home dangerously Wounded, and abundance of other stuff, at which, they open'd the Gate, and the Curate and the Barber immediately knowing their Friend, the Neice her Uncle, and the good Servant-maid her Master, they all ran to embrace him, and Welcome him Home, whom the Don with faint Voice desir'd to forbear, for he was sore wounded, by reason his Horse fail'd him, and bid them carry him gently to Bed; and if possibly, that the Enchantress Urganda might be sent for to Cure his Wounds: *Now as I hope to be sav'd*, said the Servant-maid, *did not I guess right, when I told you my Master's Disease? But let that Gypsie go to the Devil, we'll cure him my Life for yours, without Inchantments. Millions of Cankers consume the Legends brought him to this Condition*, and so they carry'd him to Bed, where the Don gave them the Relation, according to his Conception of it, of what was pass'd. They put a thousand Questions to him, but he was not at leasure so much, to be Catechis'd; only bid them give him something to eat, and then leave him to his rest, as being what he stood most in need of.

Thus while the Knight was left to enjoy himself, and the pleasure of his own Chimæras, the Curate inform'd his Curiosity at large, in what condition the Lab'ring Man had found him, who fail'd not to give him a particular Account, so far as he knew. Which confirm'd the Curate as to his proceeding in his design the next day, to which purpose he appointed to meet the Barber at Don Quixote's House.

The Knight thus at his repose, the Barber and the Curate having gotten the Key, ransack'd his Study for those cursed Books of Knight-Errantry, which had been the Cause of his thus wandering about the World, and of his present Misfortune, and found at least a hundred Volumes which they resolv'd to consume; the Barber and the Neice wou'd have had it done immediately, but the Curate having a mind to read the Titles of them, proceeded his own Way.

The first then that was pull'd down, was *Amadis de Gaul*, in four Volumes, and because it was the first Book of Knight-Errantry ever wrote in Spain, and serv'd for a general Model for all the rest, it was the Curate's Opinion, that without any partiality, it ought to be condemn'd, as being the broacher, and upholder of a most pernicious Sect; but the Barber beg'd its Reprieve, because he had heard, understanding People say it was the best Story in its kind in the World; so that they concluded to spare *Amadis de Gaul*, and went to the next.

Which happen'd to be *Amadis de Greece*, and the Barber said, he believed all on that side was never a Barrel better Herring, and therefore thought they ought alike to be cashier'd, and with this, sent them flying out of the Window, to the clearing of a whole Shelf or two; in short, most of them after the deep Learning of the Curate, and rest of the Company had animadverted upon them, either suffered Sequestration, or Martyrdom. Florismarte of Hyrcania, the Knight of the Cross, the Mirrours of Knighthood *Palmerin de Oliva*, and all the rest long-tail and bob-tail, without much search (except *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Palmerin of England*) went to the Stake, and I think the Barber thought good to take home with him, for private Reasons, the famous *Don Belianis*; the lesser

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Books next fell into their hands, such as *Diana de Monie Mayor*; which the Curate thought not fit to Condemn, because he said, being only a Book of Madrigals, could not cause that Disorder in the World, nor ingender Maggots half so hurtful to the Brain, as those curled Books of Knight Errantry; but the Neice cry'd out to him, to let them all suffer, for says she, should my Uncle be cur'd of this Frenzy, and once betake himself to reading these Books, he would turn Shepherd, and we should never keep him from rambling over all the Meadows and Plains in the Kingdom with his Croud and Flagolet, and perhaps he would turn Poet too, and so be troubled with the most incurable Disease in the World. The Lady speaks reason, quoth the Curate, it will do very well to remove this Stumbling block out of our Friends way: And consented it should be thrown into the Fire, together with all the rest, without farther Examination, but the Barber shewing him one more that was already open'd, entitled the *Tears of Angelica*, truly quoth the Parson, I should have wept my self, had this Book miscarry'd by my Order, for the Author was not only one of the best Poets in the World, but has been particularly successful in his Translation of several of *Ovid's Fables*.

While thus employ'd, the Don making a horrible noise, and calling after his wild Imagination, to some fancy'd Knight, that he might be sharer in the Honour of the Combat. The Grand Inquisitors, thought it necessary to visit him a little in his Chamber, and so left the rest of the Library to the mercy of the Maid and the Neice, who it is like, without any Distinction sacrific'd it to the Flames of Purgatory. *Don Quixote* by this was just up, and made so heavy a bustle, that they were forc'd to disarm him again, and put him to Bed. Where having a while rested, after many strange Dreams and

and Rambles, he called for his Supper, as being the thing, he said, that he had then the most occasion for. But swore by the Name of *Rinaldo* of *Montalban* in spite of all his Inchantments, he would be revenged of the Bastard that mauld him so when he was well.

Now the Curate and the Barber leaving the Knight after Supper again to his Repose, lest he might relapse into his most dangerous Distemper as the most infallible prevention of it, lock'd up his Study Door, plotting together to persuade him, that by the Magick of some Enchanter, it had been insensibly convey'd away Books and all, and told him so formal a Story of it when he wak'd, that he really believ'd it, especially when they told him that the old Wizard cry'd out, as he was going away with them, that he thought he had plag'd the Owner of the Books for drubbing the Giant his Friend, which he took to be one that in his own Imagination he had overcome. But to be short Fifteen whole Days did our Hero remain at home to repair his batter'd Carcase, without any the least sign of Reformation for all this, and all this while made it his business to sollicite one of his Neighbours, a poor honest Lab'ring Man, poor both in Purse and Brains, to become his 'Squire, and the next necessary Appurtenance that was wanting, was Money; and therefore, by Mortgage and Sale, selling of *Robin-Hoods* Penniworths, he got up a good round Sum, giving timely notice to *Sancho Pancho* whom he had gain'd to be his 'Squire, of the Day and Hour of his Departure.

Sancho promised all Obedience, and moreover signify'd his desire to take his Ass along with him which he said, was in very good Case. But the mentioning of the Ass, put the Don into a little Quandary, not being able to call to mind that he had ever read of any one that carry'd a 'Squire

mounted

mounted upon an As, but however, he gave *Pancha* his liberty at present, not questioning but he should mount him more honourably in a little time ; which done, and furnished with all other Accoutrements, according to the Inn-keeper's Instructions, leaving them asleep one Night in the House, and getting the Village upon his back, he made such haste, that he was out of danger of pursuit by break of Day, the *Officious Sancha* all the while riding like some Patriarch upon his A's behind him, with his Bottle and Wallet, according to his Master's Order.

CHAP. IV.

Of Don Quixote's Success in his terrible Encounter with the Wind-Mills.

AND now whilst they were talking together, the Don and his 'Squire discovered at a distance, some thirty or forty Windmills, upon which the Knight presently Addresses himself thus to *Sancha* : See now, Friend, says he, the happy guidance of Fortune, look yonder, upon about thirty Gyants, of a most enormous Stature, which I am resolved to Encounter and Disembowel, the Quarrel is just, and the rooting out so detested a Race, will be a most acceptable Service to God. What Giants ? reply'd *Sancha*. For ant't like your Worship, those which you see are Windmills : I see, saith the Don, thou art a miser Ninny in matters of Chivalry, know Fool that they are Giants, and I resolve to encounter them in spite of all the Oaths and Ignorance thou canst be guilty of ; and so saying, spurr'd on his *Rocinante* : As soon as he came within hearing, straining his Windpipe, cry'd with a loud Voice, Catiffs stand your Ground, like

like Miscreants as ye are, and fly not basely, a single Knight that resolves to encounter you all together. By and by, the sweeps of the Windmill beginning to move with the Wind, enraged him ten times worse: Nouns and Pronouns, said he, what desie me to my Teeth, but had you as many Arms as Briareus, you should pay for your Arrogance; and with this, with all the might of Rozinante, ran his Lance against the first, pushing it through one of the Sails, which with the swiftness of its Motion, whirling away the Lance, shivered it into a thousand Pieces, and then throwing Horse and



Man after it, lay'd the poor Knight sprawling in the Field. Mercy save me, quoth Sancho, coming up a Dog trot, did not I desire your Worship to take care of what you did? Peace, reply'd Don Quixote, there is nothing so inconstant and fluctuating as War, and its Fortunes are to be born, and let

me tell thee, I verily believe this Sorcerer that carried away my Books, has done all this, and changed these Giants into Windmills, on purpose to dishonour me. Heavens grant ye be John, reply'd Sancha: So lifting up one of his Legs by the help of a Block, he once more mounted him upon his poor cripple *Rozinante*.

This Atchievement performed, they took the Road through the Mountains, all the Way the last Adventure being the Subject of their Discourse, where the Don having had his Lance broken, as aforesaid, resolved like some of those Renowned Oak-renders, which he had met with in his reading, to refurbish himself again, with some sturdy Arm of that Plant; and therefore making their Beds that Night under the Trees, he plucked from one of them a lusty long Branch, and fixed it to the Head of his Weapon, not being able to compose himself to rest, imitating other Knights, who spent whole Nights in Desarts and Forests, contemplating the Beauty of their Mistresses; tho' Sancha could not so well resist the Charms of Sleep, but took so sound a Nap, that would scarce ever have awaked again had not he been alarmed by five or six Huzza's of his Master; at which time he rose up, and took eight or nine good stout Swiggs of the Bottle: as for the Don, who had been feasting all Night upon the more delicate and savoury Thoughts of his Mistress, he car'd for no Breakfast; and therefore being once more mounted, they rode directly to the Mountain's Passage; where being arrived, they spy'd coming towards them two Fryars of the Order of St. *Benedict*, mounted upon Dromedaries, and behind them a Coach, with five or six Gentlemen on Horseback, with two Men on Foot, that led the Mules.

In the Coach was a Lady of *Biscay*, going to meet her Husband at *Sevil*, where he stay'd to

take Shipping for the Indies, having there obtained a considerable Employment : No sooner had Don Quixote descry'd the Fryars, who yet were not of the same Company, tho' travelling the same Road, but he cry'd out to Sancha, *Questionless, says he, Sancha, those same sable Apparitions yonder are no less than Necromancers, carrying away some Princess in that Coach, and thou knowest in such a case I am oblig'd to relieve her.* 'Tisfe Sir, says Sancha, *You are under a Mistake again, for these two I'm confident are only Benedictine Fryars, and I'll be bang'd if the Coach belongs to the People travelling upon the Road. I have told thee, repl'd Don Quixote, already, that thou art a meer Ninnyhammer in Adventures, and so thou shalt see I'll presently prove thee ; and with this advancing, posting himself exactly where to pass, as soon as within hearing : Misc'eants,* said he, *in a loud and haughty Tone, either release those High-born Princesses that you are there carrying away, or expect no less than such a Death, that shall fully Reward so impious a detainment.* Wherupon as it was no wonder, stopping of their Mules, they gave him to understand, that they were not the Persons he suspected, but only Persons of such an Order travelling the Road. Come, come, says the Don, *I am not to be cajold with fair words, I know you are perfidious Infidels, and with that, not staying for any farther reply, ran so furiously at one of them, that had he not prudently thrown himself to the Ground, to avoid the blow, his Soul must needs have deserted it's Habitation ; which the other seeing, and willing to save one, spur'd on, and flew as if running with the Wind : No sooner was the Fryar sprawling, but Sancha fell to Risling. And the Lackeys not understanding the meaning of it, and seeing the Don engaged in a most deep Discourse by the side of the Coach*

Coach, at some distance, fell upon him so inhumanly, that they left him almost for dead. While the poor frightened Benedictin remounts, and in a cold Sweat, spurs after his Companions. All this while *Don Quixote* was engaged at the Boar of the Coach, telling the Lady that her Beauty now was no longer under restraint, and a thousand other Good-morrrows, upon whose Impertinence there hapned a most pleasant Encounter, betwixt him and a Gentleman of *Biscany*, too long here to recite ; but let it be sufficient to know, that it was on both sides, with all the most manifest Signs of Mortal Antipathy. I think the issue of the Combat at last was this, the poor Biscainer's Beast scared with the Blows, and growing Master of his Bridle, took run, and after two or three frisks, shook off his Rider, throwing him almost breathless to the Ground, while the nimble Conqueror slipping from his Saddle, claps Lance to his Breast, and certainly had deprived him of Life, had not the Intreaties of the Lady prevented it ; Who by her Attonements allay'd and pacify'd the enraged fury of our Hero.

C H A P. V.

Of Don Quixote's falling amongst the Goatherds, and what happen'd. With his Skirmish with some Lawyers.

AFTER the many pleasant Discourses passed betwixt Don Quixote and his Squire at the going down of the Sun, they came to a place where certain Goatherds had set up their Huts in the open Field, where the Don despairing of finding any Castle, resolv'd to abide that Night, taking it as a Blessing to sleep under the Canopy of Heaven, and much conducing to the accomplishment of a Knight-Errant's Performances, being very courteously receiv'd by the Goatherds. And as for *Sancho*, after he had accommodated *Rosinante* and his Mule after the best manner the place would afford, he found his Nostrils full of attractive Scent, which drew him to follow his Nose, where the Shepherds were roasting certain pieces of Kid's Flesh for Supper. Now all the Manner and Ceremony of their Reception here being both long and needless to relate, the elevated Don I must tell you, having found and eat enough to satisfy the importunity of his Stomach, took an occasion from the Innocency of the second Course, which was of Nuts and Acorns, and such like Trash, &c. thus learnedly to reflect :

Oh happy Age, cry'd he; of Gold! yet not so fill'd, cause Gold was then more common, but for their Ignorance of meum & tuum that destructive Property that hath put all the modern World into an uproar; all things in that sacred Age were common, the Trees, the Brooks, the Fountain,

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tains, the Bees yeilding frankly up their delicious Sores, that all Men might equally partake of the pleasant Harvest of their Fertility : Sheltred with Trees, low Huts were all their Dwellings, and nothing then but Peace, Union, and Plenty amongst Mankind; impartial Justice steer'd a steady Course, unfoil'd by Interest or Favour, till a secret Venom once diffus'd, extinguish'd Equity that rul'd the World, and Primitive Innocency lost, and Oppression daily increasing, there was a necessity to withstand the torrent of Violence, to which end the Order of Knight-Errantry was Instituted, &c.

So that all this long Preamble was only to signifie to them the Quality of the Persons they had entertain'd ; which Notice you may be sure must needs ravish the Shepherds, no less than if some Divinity had vouchsafed to be at their Rural Banquet, who after Supper, addressing themselves to the Don, as they assur'd him, *That it was their real Intention to omit nothing that should tend to his Satisfaction and Diversisement ;* so they desir'd that one of their Companions, who was musical, might have leave to entertain him with his Voice and Bandore. Which the Don consenting to, *Anthony*, such was the Shepherd's Name, having tun'd his Instrument, and set himself down at the Foot of an Oak, thus began :

(1)

THY Love, Olalia, does Surprise,
 Tho' not discern'd by vulgar Eyes,
 Love's Telescope can soon dispense
 Such hidden Mysteries to my Sense;

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(2)

(2)

*As Fairies in a Consort Round,
Like Angels Trip the verdant Ground,
So does my Fair one tread the Grass;
And Dances with a heav'nly Grace:
Whilst I each Night do Serenade
The lovely Fair, and beauteous Maid.*

(3)

*Say then, my Dear, shall Hymen tie
The Marriage Knot 'twixt thee and I,
Speak quick before it is too late,
Before Olalia's Beauty's out of Date.*

(4)

*For if thou dost thy Shepherd fly,
And still his pressing Suit deny,
Then shall he different Courses steer,
And seek him out some other Dear;
Some other Shepherdess, who can
Bestow her Heart upon a faithful Swain:
Whilst you deserted live, till time
Gives you a late Repentance for the Crime.*

In the interim whilst *Anthony* was employ'd in singing the recited Madrigal, another of them apply'd an Ointment that he had of bruised *Rosemary* Leaves, with which he had undertook to cure a Wound the Don had receiv'd upon his Ear in the last Combat just as he was going to his Repose. And thus having been entertain'd according to the best of their Endeavours, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* took their leaves of them, and rode in Quest of some new Adventures. In a little time they came into a fair and pleasant Meadow; and having resolv'd to repose themselves on the verdant Grass, he order'd *Sancho* to take off *Rosinante's* Saddle and Bridle, that he might feed the more freely, which was no sooner done, but the Beast scenting some Carriers Mares that were grazing

hard

hard by, grew so frolicksome, that he run full speed after them, and without Ceremony fell to



Leaping first one, then another; which boist'rous Usage made them kick and heave till they broke the Girths of their Packs, and scatter'd the Goods in a confus'd manner up and down the Grass. The Carriers themselves being not far distant, seeing a Horse amongst their Mares presently flew in to their Relief, and so unmercifully battou'd the bobtail'd Tarquin's Chine, that he was forc'd to stretch himself upon the Ground for Ease; and had time enough to reflect upon the Misfortunes of Whoring before he was able to rise.

The Don perceiving at a distance what had hap- pened, and thinking himself in Honour as well as Interest oblig'd to rescue his Beast, flew with surprizing a Fury upon the Carriers, that carry- ing away at least a piece of a Shoulder, and a thick Leathern Doubler from the first, he was prepar- ing

to wreck his Indignation upon the second, had not the Carriers for mere shame, being so many of them together, with their Leavers and Pike-Staves so bestir'd themselves, and surrounded him and his Squire, who, after his Master's Example, had now thrown himself amongst them, and laid on so like Anchor-Smiths, that they cast not only the Servant, but the Master too at the Feet of his Horse, and by the sole prevalence of multitude obtain'd a Victory, at what time fearing they had done more than they could Answer, made away as fast as they could. Dismal was this Tempest of B. Astinado's, and some time e'er they both recovered it; but *Sancha* was the first who thought a Draught of the Balsam of Invulnerable, would do very well for a Man in his pickled Condition, not expecting the former use he had either of Arms or Legs in a Fortnights time, resolving never more to draw his Sword, if this was the Fruits of it, against either Knight or Peasant, tho' it was to gain an Island, but to forgive, and live peaceably with all the World. The Don, it is true, tho' he talk'd no more Sense than a Jack-Daw, and would feign have persuaded him into other Resolution, telling him, *That Valour as well as Discretion was a necessary Vertue, and that should ever any of his Subjects see him brightly shining like a Prince upon his Throne, it must be Fortitude as well as Discretion that must keep them either from Caballing or Rebelling against him.*

I wish Sir, said Sancha, I had had this Discretion and Valour you talk of, to have help'd me in my late Encounter: But to be free with you now, Sir, I have more need of a Surgeon than a Preacher, and therefore I beseech you, Sir, if you are able to rise, and help me get up Resigante, for whose confounded Letchery our Bones have suffer'd all this dismal Maceration.

Don Quixote de la Mancha

As for thy Bones and Shoulders, reply'd the Don, they are us'd to such Tempests as these; but mine that are unaccostomed to them, I am afraid will be something longer sensible of these ruff Treatments. But alas! the Life of Knight-Errants is subject to these Misfortunes; and as they have often good, so sometimes bad Luck. Amadis de Gaul we find, and the Famous Knight of the Sun, have been no less bang'd and bombasted than this. Besides, it can reflect no dishonour to us to be thus overcome by Swarms, and by such illegal Weapons as Pike-Slaves, and I know not what: For I do not remember there was so much as Tuck, Sword, or Dagger in the whole Company.

But poor Sancha, whom they did not give leisure enough to observe their Weapons, was more concern'd at the Execution they had upon his Shoulders than at the Quality of the Instrument, and did not much perplex his Brains about it, when breathing out an hundred Sighs and Lamentations, with as many Plagues and Poxes upon those that betray'd him into this Condition, he made shift to get upon his Legs, and in as upright a Posture as he could, went to catch his Ass, which done, he return'd to help up *Rosinante*, and then after many Oh's and Wry-Faces, laid the Don across his Ass, ty'd *Rosinante* to his Tail, and leading his Ass by the Halter, as if going with Grist to the Mill, he took the nearest way he could guess to the High-Road; which at the end of Three Quarters of an Hour they, by good Fortune, discover'd, together with an Inn, which Don Quixote would needs have to be a Castle.

CHAP

C H A P. VI.

What befel in the Inn, which Don Quixote took to be a Castle, with other remarkable Passages upon his solemn Departure out of it, as the robbing of Sancha Pancha in a Blanket, &c.

THE Inn-keeper seeing Don Quixote like some Essex Calf, lying quite across the Pannel, in so lamentable and deplorable a Condition, began to compassionate his Afflictions, and the well-disposed Hostess his Wife, resolved to lend her helping hand to the Cure, to which end, calling a Daughter of hers, a pretty bucksome Girl, and a reform'd ill-favour'd Wench, named *Maritornes*, who was luckily in the House, to her Assistance; she made him a very sorry Bed in the corner of an old musty Cock-loft; at another corner of which was lodg'd a Carrier upon an old Bed. In this same cursed Bed of small Repose did they lay the Hero's Bones, and in the interim, while the Hostess and her Daughter were employ'd in greasing and plaitering him from Head to Foot by the light of the Candle, which the Beautiful *Austurian* held; *Sancho* entertained them with a Comical harangue on the Quality of his Master, and the nature of a Knight-Errant, concluding his pathetic Discourse thus, *Should my Lord Don Quixote once get cured of those Bruises, and I but escape a Leth or two knocking of the head, I would exchange my hopes for the best Condeship in Spain.*

Don Quixote having with great Attention listn'd to this while to these Discourses, could no longer hold, but raising himself up in his Bed, and saying the Hostess in a most obliging manner by the

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the Hand, Believe me fair Lady, says he, a Peer is of my Rank and Quality cannot but be highly sensible of the Obligation and Kindness you have done me; nor can I ungratefully receive so great a Favour: And I wish to Heaven, added he, (casting a Sheeps Eye on the Hostesses Daughter) that the God of Love had not already permitted the Eyes of the charming, tho' disdainful She who possesses all my Thoughts, to Triumph over my Liberty, which otherwise I would now have sacrificed at the Feet of that Illustrious Damsel.

Now the Carrier and Maid, you must Note, had agreed to have a love Skirmish together that Night, so soon as her Master and Mistress should be gone to Bed, and while the Don lay ruminating on the kind Glances of the *Paladine* or Inn-keeper's Daughter, whose Ion he took for a Castle, in the midst of his Inaginations, he heard the exact *Asturian* enter bare-foot into the Chamber, whom taking for granted to be the *Paladine's* Daughter, notwithstanding his Plaisters and the soreness of his Chine, he rais'd himself up, and stretching out his Hand, caught hold of the Maid's Wrist, as she was groping for the Carrier's Bed, and pulled her to his Bed-side, neither could her Smock, that was made of Sacking, prevail to undeceive the besotted Knight. Her Glass Beads about her Wrist, he took for Oriental Pearl; her Hair, as coarse as a Mare's Tail, he liken'd to the Golden Tresses of *Juno*; and her Breath, that smelt like stale Salt-Fish, he compared to the Odours of *Arabia*? In the mean time the jealous Carrier whose Ears lay perdue, hearing a rumbling kind of Noise and Whispering, and fancying the modest Maid design'd to be serv'd round before it came to his turn, crept softly toward *Don Quixote's* Bed, where listening like a Sow in the Beans, he discovered the Intreague, but perceiving by her Endeavour

CHAP. VI.

What befel in the Inn, which Don Quixote took to be a Castle, with other remarkable Passages upon his solemn Departure out of it, as the resting of Sancha Pancha in a Blanket, &c.

THE Inn-keeper seeing Don Quixote like some Essex Calf, lying quite across the Pannel, in so lamentable and deplorable a Condition, began to compassionate his Afflictions, and the well-disposed Hostess his Wife, resolved to lend her helping hand to the Cure, to which end, calling a Daughter of hers, a pretty bucksome Girl, and a reform'd ill-favour'd Wench, named Maritornes, who was luckily in the House, to her Assistance; she made him a very sorry Bed in the corner of an old musty Cock-loft; at another corner of which was lodg'd a Carrier upon an old Bed. In this same cursed Bed of small Repose did they lay the Hero's Bones, and in the interim, while the Hostess and her Daughter were employ'd in greasing and plaistering him from Head to Foot by the light of the Candle, which the Beautiful Asturian held; Sancho entertained them with a Comical harangue on the Quality of his Master, and the Nature of a Knight-Errant, concluding his pathetic Discourse thus, Should my Lord Don Quixote once get cured of those Bruises, and I but escape a Leth or two knocking of the head, I would exchange my hopes for the best Condeship in pain.

Don Quixote having with great Attention listn'd to this while to these Discourses, could no longer hold, but raising himself up in his Bed, and saying the Hostess in a most obliging manner by the

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Don Quixote de la Mancha.

her Hand, Believe me fair Lady, lays he, a Person of my Rank and Quality cannot but be highly sensible of the Obligation and Kindness you have done me; nor can I ungratefully receive so great a Favour: And I wish to Heaven, added he, (casting a Sheeps Eye on the Hostesses Daughter) that the God of Love had not already permitted the Eyes of the charming, tho' disdainful She who possesses all my Thoughts, to Triumph over my Liberty, which otherwise I would now have sacrificed at the Feet of that Illustrious Damsel.

Now the Carrier and Maid, you must Note, had agreed to have a love Skirmish together that Night, so soon as her Master and Mistress should be gone to Bed, and while the Don lay ruminating on the kind Glances of the *Paladine* or Inn-keeper's Daughter, whose Inn he took for a Castle, in the midst of his Imaginations, he heard the exact *Asturian* enter bare-foot into the Chamber, whom taking for granted to be the *Paladine's* Daughter, notwithstanding his Plaisters and the soreness of his Chine, he rais'd himself up, and stretching out his Hand, caught hold of the Maid's Wrist, as she was groping for the Carrier's Bed, and pulled her to his Bed-side, neither could her Smock, that was made of Sacking, prevail to undeceive the besotted Knight. Her Glass Beads about her Wrist, he took for Oriental Pearl; her Hair, as coarse as a Mare's Tail, he liken'd to the Golden Tresses of *Juno*; and her Breath, that smelt like stale Salt-Fish, he compared to the Odours of *Arabia*? In the mean time the jealous Carrier whose Ears lay perdue, hearing a rumbling kind of Noise and Whispering, and fancying the modest Maid design'd to be serv'd round before it came to his turn, crept softly toward Don Quixote's Bed, where listning like a Sow in the Beans, he discovered the Intreague, but perceiving by her Enleavour

quit herself of the Embraces of the Knight, the
it was against her Consent she was detain'd
up with his brawny Fist, and gave him
blow on his Chops, that the Blood ran from his
Mouth like a Stream, and then leaping on the
Don's Body with his Splay-Feet and Sparables
trampled him, as if he had been treading a Hay-
Mow; the Noise they made awak'd the Inn-
keeper, who suspecting it to be one of the Maids
Whoring Pranks, took the alarm, upon which the
Jade fled to Sancho's Kennel for shelter, which con-
sisted of a Mat of Bulrushes, and a piece of an
old split Sail for a Coverlet, under which she hid
herself. Sancho at first lay snoring like a Tapster,
but being awak'd by such an unusual Weight, he
believed no less than the Night-Mare had got a-
stride him, when laying about him with his Fists,
and the Carrier coming in to rescue his Mistress's
Honour, there began the most pleasant Skirmish in
the World; but the Inn-keeper coming in with a
Light, and a Constable that Lodged in the Inn,
parted the Fray. All this while the Don, growing
as sound as a Roach, is still for jogging after
New Adventures, and told Sancho, in fine, that he
must be going, and therefore saddling Rozinante
himself, putting the Pannel upon the Ass, and the
Squire upon the Pannel, and Stealing an old Jave-
lin out of the Hall, for the use of the Lord of
the Mannor, to serve him instead of a Lance, he
mounted in the sight of above Twenty People,
and prepared to set forward. But in return of the
Favours of the Constable of the Castle, he thought
himself first oblig'd to make his Acknowledg-
ments to him, which he did in this manner: Sir
Constable, said he, I should be the most ungrateful
Mungrel in the World, should I forget the Kind-
nesses I have received; and as it is my Profession to
punish and chastise Offenders, and give Relief to
those

those that are oppressed, so I desire if there is any Califfe under the Sun, that stands guilty of any Injury or contumely committed in relation to your own Person, you will be so kind to let me understand it, that by this Arm he may be dragged to this Castle on his bended Knees, to make you satisfaction. The Inn-keeper with the same gravity reply'd, That as for his offered Revenge he had no occasion for it, and that his present Necessities could put him upon no other Requests, than that he would pay his Reckoning; which, he said, was the Custom in Inns, and People of his Profession could not give away their Goods. How! An Inn, cry'd the Don, I took it to be a Castle, but however you must needs excuse me, it being contrary to the Laws of Chivalry-Errant to pay Reckonings, the only recompence Custom has allow'd them for all their incessant Labours for the general good of all Mankind; so putting too his Spur, and couching his Javelin, rode out of the Inn before any could stop him, leaving poor Sancha, tho' he was not aware of it, in pawn for the Reckoning.

As for Sancha, he made the same Allegations with his Master, and pleaded his Privilege, saying, That what exempted the Master, exempted the Man, swearing by his Masters Knighthood, that he would not pay a Farthing if they fled him alive, not being willing to set so ill a President to after times.

Upon which, the Inn-keeper combining with certain Clothiers and Embroiderers of Segovia and Cordovia, Jolly Fellows, who agreeing with him in this Design, sent for a Blanket, and putting into it the poor condemned Sancha, tossed him just as your Bulls toss a Dog in the Bear-Garden, and made him Dance a Carp-Galliard in the Air several times one after another; Sancha in the



the mean time roaring, howling, bellowing, bleating, and making such a dismal Noise, that at length it reached his Master's Ear; who was, as he could be no less, so much mov'd with it, that he galloped back to the Inn, to relieve the Distressed; but alas! the Gates being shut, all that he could do, was to see and pity; for as he was looking over the Wall, poor *Sancha*, as if he had been rather a Squire Volant, than a Squire Errant, was frolicking and frisking in the Air, sometimes with his Head uppermost, just as if it had been his tumbling Element.

Don Quixote all the while rages and foams, and chafes, and calls them Ten Thousand Sons of Whores, swears *Walsingham*, bauns like a Jay-lor, and threatens all the Torments of the Ten Persecutions; whilst they on the other side, the

more

more he storm'd, the more they toss'd poor *Sancho*, and did not indeed put an end to his Tribulation, till with mere weariness they were forc'd to stop, and then like Men of Charity set him upon his Ass, and left him as they found him; who after he was a little refresh'd, was honourably conducted out of the Inn, well satisfy'd that he had bubbled the Inn-keeper, tho' at the Expence of his Kidneys and Shoulders. 'Tis true, the Inn-keeper kept his Wallet, but *Sancho* minded not that, transported with Joy that he was got away.

Now had *Sancho* overtaken his Master, who perceiving him in that batter'd and languishing Condition he was in, and to save his own Credit, told him, *He mightily pity'd him, and that as he was an Eye-Witness to his fatal Tragedy, so he could not but much lament his not being able to relieve him. For I verily believe, said he, that they could be no less than Devils and Ghosts of the other World, that so sported with thy Carcase: For by my Honour, when I would have come at those Catiffs and Vagabonds to have reliev'd thee, I found my self so fastned to my Saddle, that I could not stir, otherways they should certainly have remembred their playing at Shuttlecock with me* *Flesh, as long as they had liv'd.*

I beseech you, reply'd Sancho, suffer not such a simple Conceit to harbour in your Brains, for they were Flesh and Blood as we are; I am sure they were Baptized, for they had Christian Names, and Sir-Names, and you never heard that Hobgoblins had so in this World. In short, Sir, I see while we run about thus hunting after Adventures, we are like to do no good on't; what a Devil are we bound to find Bones for all the Cudgels in the Kingdom?

This, and more was the Discourse of the two Erranters, when the Don beheld on his right a thick

History of

thick Cloud of Dust, and with an elevated Voice thus bespoke his Squire :

Now Sancha, says he, is the time come, wherein thou shalt see me the Darling of Fortune, and signalizing my Arm by such matchless Performances as shall be Registered in the Books of Fame : Seest thou that Dust ? It only hides an innumerable Army marching this way.

Why then there must be two, reply'd Sancha, for there's as much Dust on the other Side. Perceiving this, you cannot imagine how it transported the Don, believing that two vast Armies were going to join Battle in that Plain, whereas they were only two numerous Flocks of Sheep on each side the Downs. And now Panca, thou Blockhead, says he, what have we to do, but to Die in the Bed of Honour, or victoriously to assist the weaker Side ? Now as for that, says he, that is such an Army, commanded by the Emperor such an one, and the other is the King of the Garamants, &c. and the Cause of the Quarrel is so and so, which large he recited. May I never see Toboso again, quoth Sancha, a good and vertuous Cause, and I don't believe but the Prince that maintains it, Pentapolin, as you call him, is a Man of Piety and Vertue, and I'll assist him to the utmost of my Power, And then mounting the top of an Hillock, the Don undertook to shew him all the chief Knights of the Armies, by their several Bearings of their Shields, and to describe him to all the several Nations, as rang'd under their peculiar Ensigns. In a word, all that part of the World contain'd within its vast Extent. Sancha was so astonish'd to hear such an Inundation of Words, that he could not tell what to say ; and all that he could do, was to use his Goggles, and

turn

turn his Nose as his Master turn'd his Finger. But at length, not being able to see so much as the least Sign of all which his Master had fram'd in his Imagination, *I am a Sinner to Heaven*, says he, *if I see any Mortal, or hear any thing but the bleating of a few Sheep.*

Well, well, it's no matter, says Don Quixote, *I see thy Fears disturb thy Senses, and I'll have the Honour of the Victory my self.* And so saying, couch'd his Lance and flew like Lightning into the Plain, and deaf to all his Squires Calls and Imprecations, presently flung himself and Horse amongst the Sheep, with that Gallantry and Resolution, that he soon laid some of his mortal Enemies at his Feet.

The Shepherds, at first, call'd to him, and desir'd to know what harm the poor innocent Sheep had done him; but finding fair means not to do, ply'd him so fast with Stones, that one Stone never stay'd for another.

The Champion, regardless of these Skirmishes, still call'd upon the Traytor such an one, whom he expected he said Hand to Hand to try the mettle of his keen Sword, and to chastise him from the Unjustness of the War. At length, amongst the showre of Stones that flew about the Champion's Ears, one lit upon his Ribs, and forc'd its way through two of the shortest, then thinking to repair again, with that Liquor of Life, his precious Balsam, another ply'd him so quick, that it struck it out of his Hand, carrying off three or four of his Teeth, and maiming almost all his Fingers. Which two Blows being so very violent, the poor Knight falling from his Horse, lay stretch'd out upon the Ground as quiet as a Lamb, and the Shepherds fearing least he might have been kill'd, taking up the Dead and Wounded, which were many in Number, rally'd up their disordered Flocks

Flocks, and made what haste they could out of the way.

Sancho, who was all this while upon the Hill in a Passion while the Combat lasted, came down (the Shepherds being gone) to behold, as he thought, the Ruine of his Master; however finding him to have Sense, *Ah! Master, Master*, laying on him, *did I not tell you how it was?*

Poh! Poh! reply'd the Don, *thou'rt a Cuckoo with thy Brains, I'll warrant thee take but thy Ass, and follow these pretended Shepherds but a Mile, and I'll pawn my Knighthood, if thou findest them not all chang'd into Men again, as I describ'd them.* For this is but as the Necromancers think fit, who Change and Metamorphise even as they please themselves. And now Ill-Luck again for poor *Sancho*, who as he was gaping (at his Master's Desire) to tell his Grinders, the Balsam which he had taken began to Work, and so plentifully discharg'd it self upon his Face and Eyes, that it almost blinded him; and the Smell and Taste of it likewise to turn'd his squeasy Stomach, and caus'd such a sudden rumbling in his Gizard, that before he could turn himself, he unladed the whole Cargo of his Entrails upon his Master, so that you would have sworn there was no Secret within them but what was known: And *Sancho*, upon this occasion, running for a Towel, and missing his Wallet, which he had left at the Inn, was ready to run quite out of his Wits. It was high time now for *Don Quixote* to get up, so that with his Left Hand at his Mouth, and leading *Rosinante* with his Right, he made shift to creep along to his Friend *Sancho*, who was lolling, like a Man of Grief, with his Face downwards upon his Ass. The Don seeing him thus, and not knowing the Disaster, thus bespoke him in relation to his own Misfortune: *One Man, Friend Sancho, says he.*

no more than another, if he does no more than another does; these Things are nothing, Calms always follow Storms; and good, bad Fortune, besides, its a Maxim, Nothing Violent lasts long, and therefore Comfort thy self. And the Squire having signify'd his loss; Sancha, says he, Despair not, God's Providence will provide. The Flies of the Air, and the Worms starve not; neither shall we, especially in so holy and laborious a Vocation. This saying, they jogg'd on for a Lodging: but grant, says Sancha, it may be such an one where there are no Blankets, nor Blanket-heavers, nor Hobthrushes; for if there be, Old Nick may be your Squire for Sancha. Thereupon Sancha leading the way, and the Champion's Gums not suffering him to go fast, the Squire try'd to decrease the tediousness of the way, as follows:

Forgive me, Sir, quoth Sancha, since I cannot but think our late Disasters are the just Judgment of Heaven for your transgressing the known Laws of Chivalry, and breaking the Oath you made not to eat at Table, nor lie in an Inn, till you had gain'd Mambrino's Helmet. *Hah!* well remember'd, reply'd Don Quixote, and I believe thou wert loss'd in a Blanket for not putting me in mind of it.

Why so, cries Sancha? Because thou wert Accessary, by neglecting thy Duty, reply'd the Don. Pray remember then now, said Sancha; I have told you on't, lest Robin-Good-Fellow o'rtake us again for being incorrigible.



C H A P. VII.

Don Quixote meets a Hearse with a Dead Body in't, he encounters with the Undertakers.

HAVING tir'd one another with Discourse, pertinent enough, as they thought, to the Condition they were in, Time had run its length so far, that they perceiv'd Night to draw on apace, and what was worse, they found their Appetites very keen for some Provender, and that they were at a loss, where to meet with any till the Morning; being in a Place benighted, and of which they neither had any knowledge before; but by good Fortune there happen'd an Adventure, which was thus: Seeing at a distance a great

Number

Number of Lights, they observ'd them to advance
 more and more towards them, looking still bigger
 as they came nearer, which so much redoubled
 their Fears, that *Sancha* let fly, and *Don Quixote's*
 Hair stood an End, tho' the Champion's Courage
 was not so much Shipwrack'd, but that he re-
 cover'd it again, and beheld the dismal Spectacle
 with more firmness, which was no more than a
 Company of Priests, bearing each a Torch in his
 hand, and all in White, according to the Custom;
 and a few disconsolate Friends attending a decea-
 sed Gentleman's Bones to *Segovia*, the Place of his
 Nativity. Indeed such a doleful Spectacle as this
 in the middle of the Night, might have shaken a
 stoutest Courage than *Sancha's*, but not the fear-
 less *Don Quixote's*, who, full of his Fegaries,
 and fancying the Litter the Corps was carried in,
 to contain the Body of some Knight, either slain
 or wounded, the Revenge of whose Misfortunes
 was only reserv'd for him; posted himself in the
 way just before them, and thus address them.
 Stand, saith he, whoever you are, and let me know
 both who, and whence you came, and whither are
 you going, and what you are conveying in that
 Litter, for you look like such who have either done,
 or received Wrong, and I must have an Account,
 either to punish the Offender, or relieve the Oppres-
 sed. But notwithstanding the boldness of our Hero,
 he could meet with no other Answer, than that
 they were in haste, and could not have time to
 satisfy his Curiosity; and one of the Horsemen
 endeavouring to press forward beyond the Bounds
 he had set him, the Knight bravely laid hold on
 his Bridle, and demanding whether he was weary
 of his Life, bid him Defiance; at what time,
 as ill Luck would have it, the poor frightened Mule
 fell a Cap'ring and Roaring at such a rate, that
 he threw her Rider; upon which one of the
 Laquies

Lacques a little upbraiding him, the heated Champion flew with a Dragon-like Fury upon the next, dismounting him, so a second, and also a third, with a Courage altogether extraordinary. It was not for Men of Peace to withstand this rapid Fury; so that the officious Priests in White fled, and ran o're the Fields with their Torches in their Hands, just like some Masqueraders on a Bonfire Night; and as for the Mourners, they were so muffled up in Sables, they were forc'd to abide his blows, without being able to repay him again; so that the Renowned Champion was soon Victorious, and the Assistants all concluded, That the Devil was come to fetch away the Corps before they could bury it. Now was *Sancha* a rising, and would not stir till he had fill'd ore of the Priest's Cassocks, ty'd it up, and laid it upon his Ass: After which running to his Master, at his command he remounted the poor Man that was thrown by his Mule, and giving him his Taper again in his Hand, bid him be content, and follow his Companions, telling him, That if they must be fooling with their Torches and Surplices in the Night time, they must take what hapned: For his Master, the general Preserver of the World's Peace, could not endure such Things, to the frightening of Nurses and Children, and creating of Stories and Fables, of which there were too many already in the World, and that he ought to believe, tho' they had committed a mistake, yet as they appear'd to them, it was not in their Power to do otherwise.

This said, they jogg'd on, and coming into a Valley skulking between two Hills, fit for their purpose, they soon found that Men in Orders were not the worst Stewards for their Bellies; *Sancha* having open'd the Cassock, and spread it on the Grass, while both of them dispatch'd their stole

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Goods with all the Pleasure imaginable, only *San-
cha* had forgot to plunder the Bottle, and so they
wanted Drink. But that Deficiency was soon made
good by *Sancho's* meeting suddenly with a Spring,
wherewith they sufficiently quenched their thirst.

C H A P. VIII.

*Mambrino's Helmet is won by Don Quixote, who
afterwards releases a great Number of miser-
able Slaves.*

DON Quixote turning into an Highway on
the Right Hand, he had not rid far, before
he descry'd a Horseman that wore upon his Head
something that glittered like Gold, and turning to
his Squire, thus bespoke him:

*Friend Sancho, said he, thou knowest what a
Vow I have made, and in all probability yonder
comes the present Possessor of Mambrino's Helmet.
Now the Truth of the Story is this; it was only
a Barber riding to a certain Village upon a Mule,
with a new scowr'd Basin of his upon his new
Hat, to save it from the wet, for it Rain'd very
hard; and therefore the far-sighted Sancho dis-
cerning all this, would fain have persuaded his
Master that he was under a Mistake: But the
supposed Knight drawing near, away flew the met-
led Champion, like some Bird, with his Lance
couch'd upon his Thigh, resolving to split the
poor Barber in two; and the endanger'd Tooth-
Drawer seeing him come thundring upon him at
such a rate, had no other way to avoid him, but
by slipping from his Mule, and running away.*

The Renowned History of

cross the Fields, and so he did, swifter than a new started Hare, leaving his Ass and Bason behind him. The Don being thus Lord of the Prize, commanded the Squire to alight, and fetch him the Helmet, swearing by the Mass, *That the subtle Pagan that wore it, tho' he had Wit enough, like the Beaver, to save his Life, by leaving his Civet Box behind him, never knew the value of it; for in my Conscience, says he, here wants the one half of it, and I believe the Dog finding it to be pure Gold, has melted the other half, and sold it, reserving only this Skull-Piece here to go a Training with upon Artillery Days.*

Bless me, reply'd Sancha, what a strange Saracen's Head must he have that wore this Helmet as you call it; for, methinks, it is as like a Barber's Bason, as one drop of Water's like another. And I believe it may be worth Five Shillings, as well as Five Pence: And with this was ready to break his Sides with Laughing.

What means the Fool to twitter, says Don Quixote, thou understandest not the value of this Head Piece, which had I once a Vizor fix'd to, should not be exchang'd for that which Vulcan himself once forg'd for the God of War.

Well, but Sir, said Sancha, now for a little Directions what to do with this Dapple Grey Nag here, which the dismounted Fugitive has left behind him: For, by my Beard, methinks the Grey Horse is the better Ass.

The Laws of Chivalry, quoth the Don, permit not to plunder, unless the Victor happen to lose his own Horse in the Combat: Therefore leave the Horse, but as for the Furniture I am not assured, and therefore I give thee leave, till I am better inform'd, to take thy Satisfaction upon that, especially if thy Wants are great. This said, the Squire doubly authorized by his Master, and the Proverb,

Exchange

Exchange is no Robbery, fell to work, and trim'd up his Beast so fine, that she hardly knew herself, or her Master, so disdainfully did she carry herself.

This done, like true Knight-Errants, up they both got, and left it to the Discretion of their Horses to take which Way they pleas'd, who quickly brought them into the High Road again; and *Don Quixote's* casting up his Eyes, after a long Discourse pass'd betwixt him and his Squire, beheld a sight which produc'd the following Adventure: Nay, so strange was his Infatuation, that he believ'd he saw at a distance no less than Twenty several Persons, all in a row one behind another, like Beads upon a String, who manacled and link'd together, with every one a Susage of Iron about his Neck, came saunter, saunter along, till they met each other full, but guarded also by two Harquebusiers a Horse-back, and two Men arm'd with Swords and Javelins, whom when *Sincha* saw, *On my Life*, says he, a Company of Rogues Condemn'd by Law and Justice, and forc'd to the Gallies! How, forc'd, quoth *Don Quixote*? Nay, then let the Case be how it will, they come within the Verge of my Profession; and drawing up to the Chain, desir'd to know of the Guards why those poor Wretches was so miserably handled? And farther, That he might have leave to Examine every one the Cause of his Misfortune, which he was accordingly permitted. The first then answered him, *That his was for being in Love*. In Love, quoth the Don, *Bodikins!* if that's all, I ought to Row in the Gallies too. Ay, but Sir, says he, with a Hamper of Linnen, for which, besides my having been powd'red with a good Whipping, I am to Mow the great Meadow for three Years, by which the young Rogue meant the Sea, not being above 24 Years of Age. After him, the second told him,

That truly he was sent to the Gallies only for singing! How, quoth Don Quixote, must Musicians go too; I profess I do not understand ye: Sir, said one of the Guards, singing among these Newgate-Birds is taken for Confessing; and because this Rogue confessed his Crime, which was only Horse-stealing, and receiv'd Sentence upon it, they are ready to teaze him out of his Life for his Cowardice. Then the Don passed to the Third, who merrily told him, That he went to the Gallies for want of Ten Guineas; for could I, says he, have but greas'd the Keeper with that Sum I had never been led along thus in a String, like an Irish Greyhound; but Paience, since every thing has its Season.

The fourth was Condemn'd to the Gallies, and had often embrac'd the Whipping-Post for Fortune-telling and Pimping. From him, he went to the fifth, who told him very currently, That for his Part, he went to serve his Majesty for being too kind to two Cousin Germans of his, &c.

Behind him came the last, a Rogue that no Gaol or Fetters would hold, and that went by more Names, than the Great Turk had Titles, whom having examined, he thus Addresses himself to them: Dearly Beloved, says he, I find that tho' you are justly Condemned for the several Crimes you have committed, that you are yet unwilling to undergo the Punishment, and so suffer by force and constraint, and therefore properly fall under my Protection: I desire you therefore, says he, turning to the Jaylor, good Mr. Jaylor, that you would set these poor Wretches free, for tho' they are Criminals, yet it is sufficient that Heaven punishes the Wicked: Hab, Hab, Hab! says the Jaylor, as if I had Power to set at liberty the King's Prisoners: Prigbee, prigbee, march on, says he, and set your Back on right upon your empty Pate, and don't molest

us in the Execution of our Office : This said, the Don made no more to do but threw him to the Ground, and the Prisoners getting off their Fetters by Sancho's Assistance, let fly such a Volley of Stones at their Keepers, that they forc'd them at length to their Heels, and made a Ring about the Knight to know his Pleasure ; upon which, Gentlemen, says he, you know it is the Part of Gentlemen well bred to acknowledge Benefits, and you see how far I have hazarded myself for your Sakes, this therefore I only enjoyn as a return for your Deliverance, That you carry this Chain of yours as a Present to the Matchless Dulcinea del Toboso, with an Account also how, and by whom it has been wrought ; and know I stile my self, The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance : (for so upon the Perswasions of Sancho, and to follow, as he said, the Example of other Knights-Errent, he now call'd himself) Most Sovereign Deliverer, said the Master Crack-Kope, it is but just, that in all reasonable Commands we obey you ; but for us to run ourselves into the same Captivity again, and to carry our Chains to Toboso, we must needs tell you, you may as well expect Pears from an Elm Tree ; and with this, being very little more of a Christian for his Sufferings, than he was before ; and receiving incentive Language from the Don, he tip'd the wink upon his Companions, and with them hurl'd such whole Quarries of Stones at his Pat, that they threw him from his Saddle, and then to mortify'd him with his own Bison, they at last broke his Head to pieces, stripping him of his Cloak, robbing Sancho of his Cassock, and unbuttoning him to his Shirt ; which done, and dividing the spoil, they ev'ry one shifted for themselves having ven'd the Proverb, *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he shall be the first that shall hang his Benefactor.*

C H A P. IX.

Of what befel Don Quixote in the Mountain of Sierra Morena, being one of the strangest Adventures in all this real History.

IT was now that Don Quixote remounted his *Refinante*, and *Sancha* bestrided his Ass, leading the Way to the Black Mountain call'd *Sierra Morena*, where they rested under some Cork-Trees. But no sooner had the Sun began to smile upon the Hills, and the Knight to be something refresh'd with Sleep; but Fortune presented him with a strange Spectacle, a Man almost naked, and skipping from Rock to Rock, o're all the Thorns and Bushes that were in his Way, the Savage wildness of which Spectacle made him at first a little uneasy: Yet notwithstanding he resolv'd to pursue him, to see whether he could find out the meaning of so unusual an Apparition. He had not gone far, before he was informed by a Goatherd, that there had a young Gentleman for the space of Six Months haunted those Parts, and in the same lamentable ragged and tattered Condition in which he describ'd him, who seem'd by the several Expressions that fell from him to be in Love; and particularly he observ'd, that in the height of his Frenzy, he us'd to cry out frequently against one *Ferdinand*. Now as Fortune would have it, just as the Goatherd was giving this Account of him, the young Man himself appear'd upon the Cleft of a Rock, right against the Place where they stood, advancing civilly towards them, by the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, for so now did the Don style himself. Don Quixote observing his Approaches, began to Compliment him

him thus: *I conjure you, Sir, said he, by all that's good, and by the beloved Object of your most early Affections, to tell me who you are, and why here, so far from the Converse of Mankind. The Knight of the Rock surpris'd at first with so unexpected a Request, made some Pause; but afterwards intrating the Company to sit down upon the Grass, began to give him the satisfaction he demanded in the following Relation, begging the Company not to interrupt him, for if they did, he could go on no farther.*

Sir, says he, my Name's Cardenio, the Place of my Birth Andalusia, my Descent from Noble and Wealthy Parents, and my Misfortunes great. Now, says he, Gentlemen, it was my hap to Love a Person, in whom all these Perfections immediately center'd, which in others separately appear, her Name was Lucinda, which Lady was also belov'd by a Rival, this Rival bred my Grief; for like a Fool as I was, thinking I might trust my Friend, I always made Lucinda's Beauty, Wit, and Prudence, the Subject of my Discourse to him, till at last I inamour'd him, and smelling the Rat, grew heightened to an extream Degree of Jealousy: Now, Sir, says he, it likewise hapned on a certain Day, that Lucinda desir'd me to lend her Amadis de Gaul. Upon this, Don Quixote (who could as well be hang'd as forbear speaking, when he heard the least mention of Knight-Errantry) interrupted him, and the disturb'd Cardenio would not be perswaded to go on any farther, but musing upon some other Point of the Mathematicks, and rising like a Distracted Man of a sudden: In good truth, says he, I believe that Son of a Whore the Stallion of a Barber, Tom Thumb, did lie with the Queen of Trumps.

By all that's Vertuous, says the Don, it is unlikely that a Princess should suffer such a thing, and

whoever affirms it, lies in his Throat : Cardenio upon this, in one of his Mad Fits, fixing his Eye upon him, and not enduring the Provocation, with a huge Stone that lay by him, so unmercifully Assaulted the Champion, that he beat him backwards upon his Rump : And lastly, banging both the Goatherd and the Squire, retir'd back to the Mountain. I should here likewise tell you, That the Squire and the Goatherd fell to Loggerheads, and the occasion, but they were soon parted ; and his Master and he at last took their Leaves of him very kindly, steering their Course into the roughest and craggiest part of that Mountain, where, after many long Preambles and Discourses, the Champion signify'd to his Squire a Design of his, in that Lonely Defant ; Know, said he, most faithful Squire, that it behoves every Man that will be Famous in his way, to follow the best Originals, therefore I intend here to act the Famous Amadis de Gaul, who never before so much signalized his Valour, Wisdom, Constancy, and Love, as in retiring to the Poor Rock, under the Title of the Lovely Obscure one ; here will I therefore endeavour exactly to Copy him in all the Frantick Madneses of his Despair, and to outdoe all the Outrages of the Valiant Orlando. This, said he, Sancho, and a Journey for thee I resolve upon, which shall be within three Days to the Matchless Madam Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom all the Helenas's and Lucretia's of Greece and Rome were not worthy to be Kitchen-Maids.

Sir, says Sancho, you speak Reason, but where is the Letter I must have to her ? Sure I must have a Letter. With that the Don retir'd, and pulling out a Table-Book, writ as follows in a short time.

The How
now

The Letter to Dulcinea:

HE that is stab'd to the quick with Absence, sends thee that Health, which he wants himself. If thy Beauty and Virtue still disdain and reject me, as I am your Martyr, I have Patience enough to abide it: For what remains, belov'd Enemy of my Repose, my faithful squire shall give you an Account.

Yours till Death,

The Knight of the Ill-Favour'd Countenance:

By all the Sins I ever committed, says Sancho, one of the most matchless Pieces I ever read! But, pray, who is this Madam Dulcinea? For I have all this while believed her to be some Princess at least.

Sancho, says he, Thou art a Duncce, and a Coxcomb, Joan's as good as my Lady in the Dark; No matter what my Dulcinea's quality is, it is sufficient for me, that Nan Hogg, the Daughter of Dick Hogg and Joan Hogg, is Witty, Fair, and Chaste; at least I think her so. Why, prithee, what are all the Phillis's and Sylvia's you meet with in so many Sonnets and Poems, but meer Inventions of the Poets: For my part, as I make use of Dulcinea, I think she surpasses all the Princesses in the World, and excels all the Heroesses of the Ancients.

Cudds-bobbs! cry'd Sancho, is it that Trull? Why I know her as well as her Mother do's, she's a Bouncer I'll swear. Nan Hogg! O my Niece! How I long to see her doudy, Fussy luggs! But now I think on't, can she read? No, I suppose

Sir, your Loves have been always Platonick, you know little of one another; but 'tis no matter, dispatch all Necessaries, and let me be gone; for the sooner I go, the sooner I shall return.

You shall, Sancha, (says Don Quixote) and that you may readily find your way back again, let me advise you to strew some Boughs along the Road, as you pass.

So the Squire, after having received full Instructions from his Master, and after a deluge of Tears shed on both sides, mounted certainly one of the best Nags in the World, I mean *Rosinante*, and took his final and solemn Leave of his Dear Master, till he should see him again at his Return.

CHAP

CHAP. X.

Of the Squire Sancho's Performance of his Embassy, with many other Occurrences of great Importance : Together with the Curate and Barber's accomplishment of their Design.

WE will now leave our Hero to his Sobs, and take a view of his Ambassador ; who, getting clear of the Mountain, takes the direct Road to *Toboso*, and arrives the very next Day near the fatal Inn, where he had been told in a Blanket ; the sight of which put him into a panick Fear, lest he should a second time be forc'd to play at Leap-Frog in the Air. But yet Necessity constraining him, he advances to the Gate, where the Curate and the Barber, who formerly pass'd that dreadful Sentence on the Books, hapning to meet him, presently call'd him to mind, and ask'd him, *What was become of his Master, how he did, and in what Condition he was ?* But Sancho made no Reply, being loth to discover ; nor could all their Entreaties prevail on the mute Squire, till threatning him severely *If he did not immediately give them an Account, they would send him to Prison, upon suspicion of having murder'd his Master, and stolen his Horse :* He was forc'd to tell them the Truth, and nothing but the Truth of the whole matter, viz. *That his Business was to go with a Letter to Dulcinea of Toboso, and with a Bill of Exchange that was signed with his Master's own Hand for Three Asses of Five he had at home, of which the least he hoped*

was as big as a Castle, in return for the most unfortunate loss of his own which he had lately suffer'd, (for he had some time since lost his Ass in the Mountain) both which were written in his Table-Book, out of which he had Orders to transcribe them at the next Village into Gilt Paper. So putting his Hands into his Pocket, he rumag'd for them with both his Hands: But alas! no Book was to be found, so that either he had lost it, or his Master had forgotten to give it him; which so punished his forgetful Noddle, that the Blood even gushed out of his Nose; and had not the Curate promis'd him another Bill of Exchange, he certainly would have made away with himself. But as for his Letter, that he well enough recollected, (after a great deal of Mirth at the Blunders and Mistakes which he first made) for the Curate to write that out. To which, he said, would he be but so happy as to procure a kind Answer, he did not question but he should be made at least an Earl upon some Continent, for that his Master was now grown weary of Islands. Oh the influence of pleasing Dreams upon deluded Fancy! But yet the Incantment being so Innocent, and tending to nothing mischievous, the Curate and the Barber did not think fit to rectify his Judgment now, but proceeded to the Execution of the following Project, to retrieve his Master from the unprofitable Extravagancies he had undertaken. The Expedient was this: The Barber borrowing a compleat Woman's Apparel, in this Disguise resolv'd to go to Don Quixote, like some Lady-Errant, and feigning himself to want his Assistance, to engage him to a Revenge of a pretended Injury done him by a Brother of the Order, who had violated his Honour, and that the Curate should equip himself so, that he might follow him as his Squire; not doubting but so tempting and delicate a Bait as this, would Decoy him

him from his most extravagant Design to his own House, where they would once more endeavour to Cure him. The Curate being highly pleased with the Project, and the Barber fitted with all proper Accoutrements, getting upon his Side-Saddle, and the Curate mounted upon his Dromedary, they took their Leave of the Hostess, spurring on till such time as *Sancho*, who had linged a little behind, had overtaken them, who began now to entertain them with the farther Relation of *Don Quixote's* antick Behaviour in the Wood.

The next Day arriving where *Sancho* had strew'd the Boughs for his Land-Mark, they made a stop, and *Sancho* receiving Instructions that he should take no Notice at all of them, and likewise as to his Answer from *Dulcinea*, That he should say she had sent it him by word of Mouth, in regard she could neither Write nor Read, which was, that upon Pain of her highest Displeasure, he should immediately repair to her Presence, and that he should bring her Tydings of what he had done. The Squire rode on to seek his Master, leaving the Curate and Barber by the side of a Brook. It was not long after *Sancho* had left them before they espy'd at the Foot of some adjacent Rock, the poor distressed *Cardenio*, The Ragged Knight, who, some time since, had, in a Rage, retired into the Woods, who made up to them very civilly, as soon as he had observed them, and, upon their Request entertained them at large with the Story of his Misfortunes, which he had before began to *Don Quixote* and his Squire, and the Goatherd, frequently breathing out Execrations against the false and Treacherous *Ferdinand*, and filling the air with the loud Repetitions of *Lucinda's* Name.

C H A P. XI.

The Curate and the Barber meet with many diverting Occurances in the Black Mountain. Sancha gladly finds his As again; His Master Mistakes the Inn-keeper's Butts for Giants, and sets the Wine afloat about the Cellar: He is carry'd home in a Cage.

THE Curate would indeed have proceeded to to Comfort Cardenio, but was prevented by the mournful Accents of a Voice that seemed not to be far off, when of a sudden they espy'd a young Lad as it were, tho' indeed it was a Lady in a Country Dress, who had hid her Face, and was bathing herself in a neighbouring Stream, a Spectacle strangely surprizing to the Curate, to see such astonishing Beauties under the Disguise of such plain Apparel, and therefore making up to her, accosted her in all the engaging and affable Terms he could Invent. The Lady at first was mightily surprized, but in the end recollecting herself, and being assured by the Curate, and the whole Company, That it was their Intention to serve her, and not Curiosity, that had made them so importunate to know both herself, and the Cause of her Sorrows, in this manner open'd the Gates of her Coral Lips:

Sirs, said she, It would be then the highest Ingratitude in me, and since you so obligingly desire it, to repay you with the refusal of a lamentable Story, and therefore if you please, you may thus bear the Rehearsal of my Misfortunes, I was born in a certain City of Andalusia.

The Curate and the Barber, after they had heard her doleful Story, compassionated her mightily, and

very handsomely invited her to go along with them to their House, where they promis'd her they would consult her Remedy, and the most probable way to find out *Don Ferdinand*, whom, by the process of her Story, they found to be the Author of hers, as well as *Cardenio's* Misfortunes, and acquainted her with the Design that brought both him and the Barber to that Place.

As the Curate was thus complementing and addressing himself to Mrs. *Dorothy*, *Sancha* was bawling and hollowing after him and the Barber, who had thus unexpectedly removed their Quarters, who at last discovering the lost Sheep, and coming up, gave them an Account at large of his Master, and the Message he had deliver'd: But withal adding, *That if his Master should lead the Life which he did for a Month longer, it was impossible he should ever come to be Emperor, because Death must needs seize him, and put a stop to his Preferment.*

Pub! Pub! says the Curate, *I'll warrant you we'll persuade him:* And so turning to *Cardenio*, and Mrs. *Dorothy*, informed them of the whole Design.

Now Mrs. *Dorothy*, who was as Arch as the rest, and had comforted herself again with hopes of a Ladyship, in a Frolick undertook to act the part for the Barber of the distressed Lady, being every way qualify'd for such an Intrigue. Mrs. *Dorothy* therefore (all agreeing) opens her Pack, and in a trice dress'd herself so richly, it was the Wonder of the whole Company. And as for *Sancha*, he almost gazed his two Eyes out with looking at her, and was mighty Inquisitive to know who she was.

Make no Enquiries, Sancho, quoth the Curate, his Lady, you must know dropt out of the Clouds about a Quarter of an Hour ago, and is no less than

than the Princess Micomicona, Heiress, in a direct Line, to the vast Kingdom of Micomicon; and is now come to implore you to assist her in Revenge of an Injury done her by a damn'd Son of a Whore Giant, who, they say, is the greatest Robber in all the World.

Happy in seeking, but more happy in finding, says the Squire, — Welcome Joan Sanders, Welcome, Welcome. Now can my Master kill but this Monster, and Marry this Lady, we are all made.

By this Mrs. Dorothy was mounted on the Parson's Mule, and the Barber Retrausmography'd with his false Beard to wait upon her, together with the great Sancha, but Cardenio and the Curate resolved to stay behind. Having then jogged on about three Quarters of a Mile, they spy'd the Don upon the Rocks, when the officious Mrs. Dorothy, whipping on her Palfrey, and drawing near to the Invincible; Most Valiant Knight, says she, (alighting from her Saddle, and falling upon her Knees) a miserable Lady, led by the loud Fame of your Atchievements, begs your Succour.

Madam, quoth the Don, your humble Servant, begs you would rise and deliver your Commands upon more equal Terms; and any thing that will not disserve my King, my Country, or Dulcinea, I grant. And farther (the Squire closing up to him and informing him of the Quality of her Person) Madam, says he, I grant what your Illustrious Character commands, and if it be only to restore you to your just and natural Rights, my Honour is engaged, and Heaven and this Arm shall, in spite of all your Opposers, accomplish it: And therefore (arming himself) now, says he, let's go and Succour this Illustrious Princess. And at the same time mounting, led the Van upon his Picaer.

All this while the two that stay'd behind, beholding the Scene thro' the Bushes, was contriv-

ing to join Companies, and to Disguise *Cardenio*, that the Don might not know him again, to Revenge the thump he had some time since given him at the Foot of the Mountain, and bethought themselves of this Expedient ; the Curate snips off *Cardenio's* Beard, and putting him on his Cloak and Cassock, goes himself in his Doublet and Britches, making up to them as they were coming down the Mountain.

After many warm and repeated Caresses past betwixt the Mirror of Chivalry, and the Curate, and sufficient knowledge of one another, on they all troop'd to the Inn, which was about two Leagues off.

I might here recount to you all the variety of their Discourse, and Treatment of one another by the Way ; but it not being very Material, I pass it by ; let it be sufficient then to know, that Mrs. *Dorothy*, who had Wit at Will, and had always as Fruitful an Invention, and as many pickled Lies in her Mouth, as a King's Bench Waiter, gave the Don so formal an Account of this World in the Moon, to which he was a going to take a Journey, and also her late unhappy Disaster there, that he would have as soon disputed the Twelve Articles of the Creed, as the truth of what she said, and resolv'd to follow her to the end of the World, and never to abandon her just Pretensions ; when they had not been long Partying, before they found that Providence had provided Relief for poor *Sancho*, who (having as was said before, lost his Ass) had walk'd a Foot. Behold the very same Fellow coming towards them in the Habit of a Gypsie upon *Sancho's* Ass, that had so inhumanly Rob'd him of it in the Mountain ; who upon sight of them, betook himself to his Heels, and left the Prize. But oh ! the Rapture, and heart-leaping there was with *Sancho*, who running and embracing his Beast with

with all the kindness in the World, *Oh my Darling, my Treasure, says he, more welcome than the Lover's Nuptial Night! art thou come to Town again, have I once more regain'd thee, blest Beast of my Affections, &c.* All this while the Curate and Mrs. Dorotby, and the rest of the Company was engaged in Discourse of another Nature.

Now after they had refresh'd their Bodies with some Food, the Curate had brought with him from the Inn; they Mounted their Beasts, and the next Day arrived at the Inn, where the Inn-keeper presently came out to meet them with great Demonstrations of Joy: Nor was the Knight behind-hand with his Civility, only calling to mind it was the same Inn, in which he had been before so ill treated, desired they would help him to something a better Bed than he lay on before; which done, (tho' I think they desired him likewise to pay better too) he threw himself upon it, as weary as a Dog with the Fatigues of his own Folly, and fell presently a snoring like a Country Carrier while the rest of the Company eat a good handsome Dinner, which the Curate had ordered to be got ready.

No sooner were they seated, but the Champion whom they had left to his Repose, was Dreaming that he was arrived at *Micomicon*, and Rib-roasting the Princesses Enemy, striking and clashing his Sword against the Wall, as if he had been hewing down the side of the House, and vowing nothing but Massacre and Destruction: When by Misfortune all his Blows and Batteries fell upon no other than a few poor innocent Casks of Red Wine which he so disimbowel'd, that you would have sworn the Room would have carry'd an ordinary Wherry; and which he concluded he had bestowed upon *Pandafilando*, (such was the Name of the Giant) which alarmed all the Company into the Field.

of Battle: 'Tis needless here to describe you that formidable Equipage in which they found the Champion, and the Extravagant Passions the frantick Squire was Transported into, because he could not find the Head of the Gyant, which he swore he saw drop off with both his Eyes. The Vintner's Rage at what was done; the Hero's as he thought, Accomplishment of his Adventure, and Congratulating the Princess, all which, you will easily believe was a sufficient Scene of Mirth; but know in the end, the Curate and the Barber made a shift to pacify the Inn-keeper, who would fain have been Anatomizing *Don Quixote* for the Slaughter of his Boracho's, and perswaded the Invincible to go to Bed; where he lay with all the Satisfaction that ever Mortal had, that had vanquish'd his Adversary: In the mean time came four Masqueraders, with a Lady they had with them thundering into the Inn, who after all the Formality of their Reception from Mrs. *Dorothy*, and the rest of the Company, who do you think they were? Why even *Don Ferdinand* and *Lucinda* with their Attendance, who came by Accident to this Inn, little thinking to meet there *Cardenio* and Mrs. *Dorothy*. But as it fell out, this *Don Ferdinand* was the Person who as before was hinted in the Mountain, had so highly engag'd himself to Mrs. *Dorothy*, whom she had trusted with her Honour, and who had so Treacherously left her for *Lucinda*; whom, taking his Opportunity, he had violently seiz'd and brought to the Inn; *Lucinda*, the True and Faithful *Lucinda*, whom all his Threats could never move, or his Allurements extinguish the Passion she had for her belov'd *Cardenio*, whom you have read Despair and Frenzy had so miserably tortur'd in the Mountain. In short the Success of the sudden Meeting, had this Effect. *Don Ferdinand* acknowledges and embraces again his

his almost forgotten Object of Matrimony, *Mrs. Dorothy*, and the thrice happy *Cardenio*, enjoys his incomparable *Lucinda*.

All now was hush, and *Don Quixote* asleep, when as ill Luck would have it, the Barber from whom *Don Quixote* had stolen the Bason, which he call'd *Mambrino's* Helmet, came into the Inn, and demanded Restoration both of that and the Pack-Saddle which they had gotten from him; who with the Bustle between him and the Squire, Rouzed the Sleepy Knight, who understanding that that Son of Iniquity, not only demanded back his Helmet, but challenged the prize of his Victory, under the Name of Bason, was so irritated, that he caused it to be produced before the Company, maintaining that unless the Devil work'd altogether by Enchantment (which he ascribed all cross Occurrences in Knight-Errantry to) they must needs discern it to be a Helmet, notwithstanding what that Mahometan of a Barber so impudently and ignorantly said, and ly'd in his Throat; this Contest prov'd very much for the Diversion of the Company; and in short, the Debate grew so high, that it came to the Decision of the Lance, with which the incensed Hero made so dismal a Blow at his Pate, that had not he skipped for his Life, he had laid him sprawling at his Feet; dreadful and Chaos like was the Confusion betwixt these two Warriors and their Assistance of each side. *Don Ferdinand* and *Cardenio* were by this time too engaged, likewise several Banns and Bailiffs that came to assist the Barber, *Simcha* mauls for his Master, the Hostess and her Daughter squealed, and the Ladies Tremble and Quiver: Till at last the Riot ceased, *Don Quixote* got the better, the Pack-Saddle continued to be a War-Saddle, and the Basinet a Helmet; and the Don uncontroulably believed the Inn a Castle: But this dreadful Structure of Con-

tention

ention and Division ruined, the Devil resolved to try another Trick, which occasioned the second Adventure as follows :

One of these Bums who had been thrashed amongst the rest, had procured and began to serve a Warrant upon *Don Quixote* for a Rescue of certain of the King's Prisoners that were condemned to the Gallies, by which Action he was Obnoxious to, and ought to suffer the Law, so that here was the Devil and all to do again, and such a hideous Confusion, that you would have thought the Devil in Hell had been broke loose; so that had not the Curate made an Accommodation betwixt them, and pleaded hard, *Don Quixote's* Infirmary, and want of Wit, they had infallibly hurry'd him away to Goal.

Don Quixote being now at Liberty, he grew impatient of fresh Adventures; and therefore addressing himself to the Lady, *Most Magnificent and Illustrious Lady* (cry'd he) *Delays breeds Dangers: And in the Name of all the Twelve Cæsars, let us lose no more time, but go where Honour calls us.* Upon which the Princess humbly acknowledging his Favour, still compos'd her Answer, that she might gratify his Humour; but the Curate and the Barber perceiving she had another Game to play, apply'd themselves to other Methods of getting *Don Quixote* to his House, as you shall hear immediately.

Two whole Days had this Company spent in the Inn, and therefore deeming it now high time to depart, consulted which way to get *Don Quixote* home, without giving *Don Ferdinand* and *Madam Dorothy* the Trouble to ride out of their way; at last they concluded to carry him home like an *Essex* Calf in a Waggon, and thus they contriv'd this Design: They first agreed with a Waggoner, and then making a large Wooden Cage, such

such as a Man might sit in, Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, the Inn-keeper, Bailiffs, &c. by the Curate's Direction, Don Quixote being gone to rest, and little dreaming of the Trap, entred his Room like so many Hobgoblins, and swaddled him up Hand and Foot in a Blanket, just as you have seen a Corps in a Crape Shroud upon a Sign, which so confounded his Imagination when he waked, that he concluded, as he used to do upon all Occasions, that he was under Incantment, and so lay pretty patiently, whilst they nailed and fastned his Squire to a convenient movable.



Thus taking him up upon their Shoulders, and so securing the Don in his Wooden Cage, they hurried both by main force up into the Waggon, and fixed them amongst the rest of the Lumber, all the Company taking leave one of another, tempor

Car- Man ported his own way, the reckoning was
Cu- discharged, and the Afs and Rosinante (to whose
rest, saddle-Pannel the Basin and Target was fast tyed)
Room, were led by the Waggon, attended by the Bailiffs,
Hand and the Curate, and the Barber in Disguises.

And thus the illustrious Train jogged on, till
they came to a Valley, where they were overtaken
by six or seven Persons well Mounted, the chief
of which, by the Respect was paid him, seemed at
least to be a Prebend of some Cathedral, who see-
ing all this, and a poor Gentleman locked up in a
Cage, like some Goal Bird, was mighty Inquisitive
to know the meaning of it, believing it must needs
be some Rogue a carrying to Goal, which caused
the Curate to recount to him all the whole Mystery
from the beginning to the end, when they arrived
at a lovely Valley where they reposed and refreshed
themselves with what the Pleasantness of the Place
afforded.

All this while *Sancho*, whom I should have told
you as being the less dangerous Beast of the two,
they had by this time indulged so far as to let
him ride by the Waggon upon the Afs, leading
Rosinante by the Bridle, had a Months Mind to
be discovering the Plot to his Master, and that all
this was but a contrivance of the Curate and Bar-
bers, to carry him away thus in a Cage Errant
to his House, to prevent him of the Fame and
Renown of those mighty and laudable Atchieve-
ments he should perform, and so coming up as close
as he could to the Cage, begun to tell him what he
knew, tho' to very little purpose, That some Ma-
gicians had done all this, and that he could not
be so intralld by any Power that was less than
Devils. In short he was in such a Labyrinth, that
no Argument or Clue of *Sancho's* could disintangle
him: But however thus far consented to *Sancho's*
opportunity, That he might ask the Devils for
their

*their Padlock for a little while, that he might just come out to stretch his Legs, and untruss a Point: Which the Squire accordingly did, and succeeded so well, that the Curate, and the rest of his Company (the Don swearing not to stir beyond these Limits they should prescribe him) let him out of his Cage; the first thing he did was to stretch himself, and giving Rozinante a good clap or two of the Buttocks, *Flower of Steeds Errant*, says he, *maugre all these Misfortunes, I question not but I shall see thee prancing again, under thy Lord and Master, whilst mounted on thy sturdy Chine, he shall perform Achievements that shall echo thro' the World.**

This said, they withdrew to a Thicket, he and his Squire, and came back again much sweeter and lighter than they went thither; and so joining the Company, they all took their Places upon the Grass; at which time the compassionate Churchman pitying the unfortunate Knight, began at large to expostulate with him upon that Subject, and to try whether all his Reason and Eloquence could reclaim him from that wild Extravagance which had thus constrained his Friends to secure him in a Cage, and carry him about the County like some *African Monster*, to be made a show on. But while the Prebend was thus addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, and admiring the strange and deep Impressions made upon his Fancy, the Servants return with the Provisions and Mule, and spreading a Carpet under the shade of certain Trees, they all sat down like Turks, and fell on like Christians. They had not done this long, before they see a most beautiful Spectacle, a Goat dancing out of a Neighbouring Thicket; they beheld it also pursued by a Goatherd, expostulating with the dumb Creature at such a pretty flattering rate, that it was extremely pleasing to the Company, whilst the

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wanton Fugitive, unwilling to be taken, ran directly to the Prebend, with that the Prebend desired the Countryman not to be too hasty in carrying her away, but to tell them the meaning of that manner of Courtship of his to a Goat, as if it had been that rational one that is said to have given *Jupiter* suck. Upon which the Goatherd stroaking his Beloved upon the Back, thus began :

Gentlemen, says he, amongst the numerous Pretenders to a fair and beautiful Damsel of a Village about three Leagues from hence, I was one, she was about Sixteen Years of Age, discreet and modest, beyond compare, the Daughter of a wealthy Farmer, a matchless Master-piece of Nature, when there was a hopeful Lad that was my Rival in the same Town, that was handsome, and upon the level with me in all things, who made his Applications to her at the same time ; when the bright *Leandra* also, such was her Name, being not as yet of Years ripe enough to Marry, her Father still put us off from time to time ; my Rival's Name, Gentlemen, was *Antelm*, and mine is *Eugenio*. Now to be brief, while we were thus kept in a dilatory, suspense, comes a certain young Cavalier that filled her Ears with Relations of pretended famous Achievements in almost all Parts of the World, and boastings of Qualities beyond the rest of Mankind, whom the more fair than wise *Leandra*, beholding him from a Window, fell in Love with. Nay, so desperately was she wounded by this Sou of Ostentation, that at a time appointed, she packs up what was most valuable, takes one of her Father's best Celdings, and troops away with him I know not whither. This, Gentlemen, has made me retire into this Valley, where I feed a Herd of Beasts, it is true, as wanton as Women, but far more easy to be ruled, and is the sole Reason of those Words

I talked to my Goat, being a Female, when I follow'd her. I know not whether my Story may have answer'd your Expectation; but supposing I may obtain the Honour, I will endeavour to supply its defects by a small Country Collation in my Cottage hard by, if you will vouchsafe to accompany me thither. Which they all consented to.

And here it was that Don Quixote grew very liberal above the rest of the Company in returning the Goatherd Thanks, and did it in such a Roman-tick way, that the Goatherd viewing him from Head to Foot, and not finding any thing in him agreeable, he began to enquire of the Barber who sat next him, *Who he was that talked so extravagantly, not remembring, he said, that he ever saw so strange a Creature in his Life, and that he should have taken him for some Crack-brain'd Fellow.*

You damn'd insolent Son of a Whore, says Don Quixote (overhearing him) I have more Brains in me than all thy Generation. And so saying, took up a Loaf that was upon the Table, (for they were now all at the Goatherds) and threw it with that Fury at his Head, that he almost levelled his Nose with his Face, and the Goatherd not understanding such kind of Courtship, flew upon Don Quixote, and had throated him, had not Sancho taken him by the Shoulders, and pulled him back. But Don Quixote not satisfy'd, and finding himself free, threw himself again upon the Goatherd till so wretchedly bemoiled were their Faces with Blood and Dust, that you would have sworn they had put on their Vizard Masks on purpose to hide their own handy Works.

Now while these two were battering one another with this unspeakable Antipathy, they were alarmed by the sound of a Trumpet, so sad and doleful, that it forc'd their Ears to a more than ordinary Attention, and caused a Truce immediately

to be made. At which time *Don Quixote* getting upon his Legs, and shaking his Limbs a little, who should he spy, but several People clad in White coming down the side of the Hill, which was only a Procession of Penitents to an Hermitage at the Foot of the Mountain, to implore, it seems, the Mercy of Heaven, because they had no Rain fallen that Season. But *Don Quixote* took them to be Devils in Masquerade; and what confirmed him, was not only the strange Dresses he beheld them in, but an Image of the Blessed Virgin also which they carried before them in Mourning, which he took to be a Princess they had Ravish'd away by Force, and were hurrying to some Castle. Full of such Imaginations, mounting *Rosinante*, and buckling on his Armour, he clasp'd Spurs to the Beast, and Rode directly up towards the Penitents, as if the Devil possess'd him, notwithstanding all endeavours to restrain him, and *Sancho's* bawling incessantly after him.

Being come within Twenty Yards of the Procession, *Rake Hells*, under those Sacred Vestments, says he, *release that Fair Lady, whose disconsolate Looks sufficiently testify that you have done her wrong, and are hauling her away there against her Will*: And so made directly up with his Sword drawn towards the Image, when one of the Company perceiving he was no wiser than his Father begot him, took up a Fork, and went to meet him; which the Champion, it's true, slit in two Pieces at the first blow; but however with the one half that remained, the stout Opponent gave him such an Admonition upon the Shoulders, that he fetched him from his Steed to the Ground, where he lay as Motionless as the Image he would have deliver'd.

The Country Man seeing all this, tucked up his Gown, being one of the Penitents, and ran as if the Constable and all the Watch had been at his Heels, verily believing he had murdered him. As for *Sancha*, he ran indeed to Succor his Master, but all in vain, the fatal Blow was given, so that he thought he had nothing to do but to howl out his Funeral Oration over his Body, which he did, stretching himself over him after this manner :

Bright Flower of Chivalry, quoth he, by ignominious Cudgel thus laid low, a Sacrifice to damned Sextons Wrath, liberal above thousands, humble to the proud, and lofty to the humble; that frightest every one, of all afraid, tame Sufferer of Wrongs, Lover of Shadows, scourge of Oppressors, and in a word a Knight-Errant. Farewel Eternal Honour of thy Race.

Thus was the Squire all in Tears, making his Master's Funeral Oration, at the coming up of the Prebend, who hapning to be known to the Curate of the Procession, made up Matters again very well; and the rest of the Company making up to see whether *Don Quixote* was within Cure, they perceived the loud cries of *Sancha* had fetched him a little to Life; but in so languishing a Condition he could not sit his Horse, so submitted to be put into the Waggon, and laid again at his ease in his Cage, with a Bottle of Hay strew'd under his Bones, and the Waggoner driving on according to the Curate's Directions, the Procession went on in good order, the Goatherd retired, the Prebend took his leave, and the Bailiffs were paid and dismiss'd. At the end of six Days arrived *Don Quixote* at his Village and own Habitation, where after his Neice and Maid had sufficiently water'd their blubber'd Cheeks at his manner of coming home

home, and all the wild and miserable effects of his Folly, they undrest him, and got him to Bed with Millions of Curses upon those fabulous Stories that had betray'd him to this Condition.

CH A P. XI.

Don Quixote departs a third time from his House. Visits his Mistress : Sancha contrives to Enchant her, &c.

ALL this while *Don Quixote's* Brains was so amus'd and adled, that he had not discovered that he was thus brought home by the Curate and the Barber, but believ'd that it was by some damn'd Inchanters, that ow'd him a Spleen; and envy'd his Bravery, however they were fearful yet of making a Visit (tho' they gave daily charges to the Maid and Neice to be careful of their Nursery) but at about a Months end they did, and found themselves received by him, as by a Man both Civil and Rational, and Entertained with apt and pleasant Discourses, till they began to talk of Knight-Errantry, and then he began to rave, so miserably was he intoxicated and confounded by legends of that Nature, that they took their leaves of him, despairing of his Cure, and expecting that he would soon leave them in the lurch for another Fegery, which soon after fell out, at what time *Sancha* entred into the Room, betwixt whom and his Master passed a great deal of Discourse. When *Don Quixote* began to complain *Sancha* with a Repetition of a long Catalogue of what vast Advantages were yet behind, which would make full Compensation for all the Hardships they endur'd, and which were none but fore-

runners of future Happiness. ——— Don't you remember the Earldom I promis'd you? cry'd Don Quixote; Yes, yes, says Sancho, interrupting him, I remember also my being tost from a Blanket up into the Regions of the Air, which is all the Empire, I believe, poor Sancho will have. ——— My Liver has been turn'd ever since, and I fear my Brains also. I remember likewise the Story of your being drubb'd by the Carriers; and what



prodigious Blindness you were under when you mistook a Provost, with a Chain of Slaves going to the Gallies for their Roguery for a Company of honest misfortunate People, carrying into Captivity. ——— I remember the poor Barber's Brass Basin, which in spite of all the Rules of Reason and Demonstration, you will have to be Mambrino's Helmet. ——— I remember, ——— Hold, Infidel, waste

than

than Pagan, or Jew, (crys Don Quixote) and let thy Tongue for ever cleave to the Roof of thy Mouth, if thou still retainst an unbelieving Heart: What was Man born for, Wretch (continued he) but to have his Eyes put out with Dust rather than shew the least Impatience. I tell thee, still, thou shalt by my invincible Arm, be rais'd to the highest Pitch of Magnificence and Grandure; and Govern whole Legions of People, who shall serve thee as Vassals, and kiss thy Feet, as Grasshoppers do the Dust of the Earth.

He would have proceeded further, but was interrupted by the coming in of one Corasco, a merry, facetious, joking Fellow, who being inform'd of our Knight's Extravagancy, tell in with his wild Humour, and gave him all the Bombast Compliments a Knight Errant could expect. In the midst of this Farce, Rosinante seeing some Mares, began to Neigh, which Don Quixote took for so good an Omen, that he resolved to take another Ramble within three or four Days at the farthest, to which purpose he discovered his Resolutions to the young Corasco, desiring that he would advise him which way he should go, which he accordingly did; and notwithstanding all the Arguments his Governess could use, persisted in his Resolutions, protesting since Heaven had Decreed him to the Famous Exercise of Arms, and endow'd him with so invincible a Prowess, should he consent not to make it known, it would be to the endless Scandal of his Order, which Heaven had ordained for the general good of Mankind, and that he should Act against his Conscience. And now all Things being in readiness, and Sancha having taken leave of them, and snuggled his Wife Teresa, the two Heroes set forward in the Dead time of the Night, unknown to any living Soul but to Corasco; who must needs

accompany them half a League upon the way, which done, and embracing, they took their Leaves, the Scholar returned back to the Village, and the Knight continued his Journey to the famous City of *Toboso*, and now expect a Second Part of the Matchless Atchievements, and Surprising Adventures of the famous Baron of *Mancha*.

No sooner were they parted, but the Knight and the Squire set forward in the first Place for *Toboso*, to Visit the Incomparable *Dulcinea*, and to take their Leaves of her, they being assured after that, to be successful in all their Enterprizes; and that what time soever the Beams of her Beauty should shine upon their Eyes, they should from thenceforth commence the most Prudent and Valiantest of Men; so much wou'd it enlighten their Understandings, and fortify their Courage: Much was their Discourse by the way, and this whole Night and the next Day did they spend, without Encountering any occasion to signalize their Vertues; but at length towards Evening, the next Day they discover'd the famous City of *Toboso*: Upon which our Champion's Eyes ran over with Joy; but *Sancho* on the other side became very sorrowful, because he knew neither where *Dulcinea* liv'd, nor had he ever seen her in all his Life, and therefore knew not how to come off with any credit with his Master: In short, *Don Quixote*, notwithstanding the heat of his Desires, would not make his Entrance in the Day-time, but stay'd till dark Night, when *Sancho* stole into the Town, where there was no body stirring in the Streets, but all was in a profound Silence, only the Dogs and Cats were at their loud Musick upon the Tiles, whose Discords fill'd the Pate of the Champion with no small Number of inauspicious Conundrums. Yet on they rid; when

of a suddain, quoth Don Quixote, Methinks I have a glimmering in my Eyes of something large and spacious, it is a Structure too, and am persuaded must needs be the Palace, with which riding on a matter of two hundred Paces, he arrived just under the Steeple of the Parish Church. By my Dignity, quoth Don Quixote, I am afraid we are in a Mistake here, and I doubt such a one as do's not bode well, for I'll be hang'd if we meet with any good Luck this Night.

In the midst of these Quandaries and Disappointments, they heard a Man who was coming towards them with a couple of Horses ty'd to a Plow, and the Plow-Boy being come pretty near, after he had given him the Good-morrow, Friend, quoth Don Quixote, which is the Princess Dulcinea's Palace? Sir, says the Boy, I am a Stranger in the Town, but if you go to such a Place, there lives the Curate and the Clerk, who are the likeliest Persons in the Parish to tell you, and this saying, he whistled to his Horses, and went on.

Well, Sir, quoth Sancha, (who all this while sat upon Thorns, for fear his Master should find out the Trick that he put upon him in Counterfeiting his Answer from Dulcinea, whom he knew no more than the Great Turk) then take my Advice: It is not handsome, you know, to visit Ladies so unseasonably, let us therefore either resolve to betake ourselves to some good House, whose Trade it is to be disturb'd in their Sleeps, or else to some Wood without the Village where the Sun rising, you may sit and pick Strawberries, while I rewin and enquire from House to House where this Palace is, wherein your Mistress lives; and finding of her, deliver what Embassy you shall think fit to that Queen of Beauty. Which Advice of Sancha's, Don Quixote approving of, he retir'd himself into a Chest-Nut Grove, not far from the Village, and

waited the Effects of *Sancho's* Negotiation, whom he ordered not to return till such time as he had both seen his Lady, and obtain'd her leave that her Beauties Captive might kiss her Hands: Upon which *Sancho* quickly shew'd his Master his back Parts, and switching his Grizel, made all the haste he could towards the Town, only he was a little tormented in his Brains to think how he should satisfy so extravagant a Fancy as that of his Masters, and how he should succeed in his search of the Princess; and therefore as soon as he got out of the Wood, began thus to Dialogue with himself. *Well, Sancho, thou hast undertaken a Task difficult beyond Thought! 'Tis therefore thou mayst justly upbraid thy self with the greatest Folly. Without thy good Genius will inspire thee with some bright Notions to amuse thy conceited Master, thou run'st the Risque of being sacrific'd to his Displeasure: Thou know'st thy Master is Mad, and that this Employment thou art upon certainly comes from the Devil, who has a mind to have thy Bones powd'ered for his Supper, and that thy Master being so deceivable, it may be easy to make him believe that the first Country Girl thou meet'st, is the true and only Dulcinea; for should he happen to be an unbeliever, it is but telling him, and swearing to it, some cursed Inchanter or other has Transmogrify'd the Matchless Paragon into a Trull on purpose to despise him, and thou comest off as pat as thou wouldst wish. This Con-
 trivance restor'd Race to *Sancho's* Thoughts, and he resolv'd to go on with it, and therefore staying till the Evening, the more to amuse his Master, he sp. 'd three Country Wenches upon three Colts, directing their Course to the Place in which he l.y., (who I should have told you was now sit-
 tling at the Foot of the Tree by the side of the Grove,) all dress'd in their Holy-day Cloaths, so that*

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that away rode he back to his Master, to tell him the News of *Dulcinea's* Approach with her two Damsels: *Most Noble Master,* says he, *may this day be written in Characters fairer than this Indenture, and more welcome than Quarter-day to a needy Landlord, 'tis but trotting,* says he, *some two Bows shoots into the Field, and you behold the Princess with her Maids of Honour, glittering like so many Ingots of Gold, and murching towards the Grove, &c.* In brief, so Rapturing a Character did the pickled Squire give of both them and their Steeds, and so ram'd it down with Oaths into his Master's Intellects, that he soon got him out to behold the promised Paradise, and obtained the plentiful Reward for his Intelligence. Which was no less than the Colts of Mares, ready to Foal at that Time upon the Town Common.—

Body of Cæsar, quoth Don Quixote, when he was out, and casting his Eyes about him, *I discern nothing but three Tatterdemallions upon three ragged Colts:* Deliver me from the Devil, quoth Sancha, *What a Winter's Fogg have you before your Eyes? Cuds-Nigs, Master, the Niggs are as White as Snow, and the Beauties they ride on enough to Ravish a Mahometan: Why I think the Man's betatled,* says he, and so kicking with both his Heels, he hasted up to the Wenches, and lighting, and falling down before the first, *Vouchsafe mighty Queen of Beauty,* says he, *to cast an Eye of Favour upon your Knight, the slave ynder, whom your Illustrious Presence has petrify'd in o Marble, remembring it is no less than the Knight of Mancha, and his Squire Sancha Pancha that implore you:* After which the Champion joy'd the Princess and her Damsels with the same Devotion; unto whom the boldest of them, surprized to see themselves stoped after this manner upon the Road, briskly reply'd: Gentlemen, about your Business,

for

for we have Hogs to serve, Cows to Milk, and Dames that expect us home; besides, you are in the wrong Box, we are not for your turn, &c.

Ob! thou living Son of Human Beauty, quoth Don Quixote, and only remedy of thy Adorer! Masterpiece of Heaven, whom a Villanous Inchanter represents to my Eyes alone, under the ugly Disguise of Deformity, one Glance of Pity and Affection: But not regarding him, Marry gap, Mr. Smell-Smock, quoth the Wench, with your Lyricum Fancies, what's all this for? And tickling her Colt, away she flew as fast as the Tit would carry her, Sancho in the mean time was not a little pleased to see his Stratagem take so well with his Master; who all this while verily believ'd that some Scoundrels of Enchanters had transform'd his Matchless *Dulcinea*, as he call'd her, into this deformed Puzzle, and that they were the sole Cause he did not behold her in Native Lustre; when after several Discourses passed betwixt the Credulous Hero and his Squire, who was ready to split his Sides, to think what an Artificial Chest he had put upon his Master, they remounted again, and took the ready way to *Saragosa*, whither the Scholar *Corasco* had directed them.

C H A P. V.

Containing the Prodigious Adventures of the Chariot of the Officers of Death, with the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote with the Knight of the Wood.



BUT tho' the Don is a Horseback, yet so overwhelm'd is he with Melancholy, to see himself so fool'd by Necromancers, and his Eyes so dimn'd and baf'd by Inchantment, that his Senses quite forlook him. And all the Sayings and good Admonitions of *Sancha* could not reclaim him from inveighing against, and cursing the Hell-Hound that had deprived him of his Felicity.

When while he was thus railing, there appear'd a Hay-Cart carrying of People in strange sort of Habits

Habits upon the Road, which were only it seems a Company of poor Comedians that had been Acting a Tragedy that Day, below a Neighbouring Hall, and were going to play the same over again in a Village hard by, ready drels'd in their several Disguises :: One represented Death, the other an Angel, the other an Emperor, and the other a Knight Cap-a-Pee, in all the Accoutrements of War; and so every one according to the Part they Represented, that they would have fear'd a hundred Knights : But the undaunted *Don Quixote*, discovered all this with the most imaginable Marks of Joy in his Eyes, not doubting but it would be his Fortune now to perform Miracles in a more than ordinary Adventure; therefore posting himself before the Cart, *Gatiff*, says he, to the Driver, *whoever thou be, tell me whether thou art carrying these seeming Inhabitants of another World, &c.* Upon which the Carter told him very calmly, and gratify'd him not only with an Account of the Projects, but also with a particular Description of all the Actors : Truly honest Friend, says *Don Quixote*, when I first saw this Tumbrel, I thought it had been otherways, but if it be as thou describest, then pass on in Peace.

No sooner were the words out of his Mouth, but up came he that was to Act the Fool, who no sooner espy'd *Don Quixote*, but he fell a leaping and skipping after such an Antick-manner, and made such a rattling with the Bells which he had about his Waste, that *Rozinante* with all his patience, was almost scared out of his Wits, and getting the Curb fast betwixt his Teeth, away went he in spite of his Rider, and ran with that speed, as if the Devil had sent post for his Master; and making a false step by the way before *Sancho*, who alighted and follow'd his Master, could overtake him, they came both to the Ground,

at what time the Knave of a Fool would feign have been tampering with *Sancha's* Ass, had not the Tit shew'd him a slippery Trick, and skidded after her Master as fast as she could. But *Don Quixote* by the Assistance of his Squire, was fix'd again in his Saddle, and had sufficiently chastiz'd his Insolence, had not *Sancha* otherwise persuaded him to the Prosecution of more Important Adventures.

At Night they repos'd their weary Limbs and made a short Supper upon such Provisions as *Sancha's* new Wallet afforded, discoursing after their usual manner, away the greatest part of the Night about Comedies and Comedians: *They are*, saith the Don, *of no small use in a Common-Wealth, as being the Looking-Glasses in which we truly Discern the Beauties and Deformities of Vertue and Vice, and all the Actions of Human Life, and from whose lively Representations we may make the most profitable Deduction, for the Shaping and Modeling our Conversations; Where is Man more exactly delineated, than upon the Stage? From which as he to his Original, that common Mother the Earth; each after when the Play is done, stript of all the distinguishing Marks of his Character, returns to his own proper Figures.*

In these, and such like Discourses, wherein *Sancha's* Conceits also were very pat, they spent their Hours, till the Squire unhaltered Grizle, that she might fill her Belly with what she could find, and doing the same to *Rozinante*, let fall the Portcullises of his Eyes, and went to sleep while the two Matchless Brutes fed very friendly together; and *Don Quixote* leaning his Head upon a small stump of a Tree, fetched a short Nap.

But behold him quickly after, railed by a sudden Noise, that makes him spring up like a Partridge from his haunt, upon which listening, he heard a

rushing as it were of a Horse, and a little after, some Stranger entertaining his amorous Thoughts with a Song, before which some say the Knight first fetched a sigh that would have blown up the Roof of an ordinary Cathedral: And then it was with a mournful Voice he expostulated with his Ungrateful Fair, of whose Expostulations I can give you but what follows, by which he upbraids her with what he had done: *Oh! How many notable Achievements, cruel one, says he, have I perform'd for thy dear Sike? and how have I wasted my Time in Wandring about the World! How often has the try'd strength of my Arm Vanguish'd Aspersers of thy Fame, and how often, says he, Lastly, have I thrash'd that Bravo of Mancha, Don Quixote, for preferring his Trugmellion before thee, most High-born Rosamond of Turnbullstretia, &c. The Madman lies in his Lungs, says Don Quixote; but however he moderated himself so well, as to lay by his Resentments, and discovering where he was, and walking over to him, commiserated those Misfortunes which he perceived had disturbed his Mind, he treated him as a Person not insensible of his Sufferings, 'till the Knight of the Wood's Frenzy began to resound again in the Champion's Ears, the Victory he had gotten over that Achilles of the time, Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

So that the Knight impatient to hear himself so confidently said to be basted to his Face, so much to the prejudice of his Honour and of his Divine Dulcinea del Toboso, began to lay his hand upon his Sword, and to give him the Lie, and the Son of a Whore; at what time the Knight of the Wood made him this careless and negligent Answer, *Sir, a good Pay-Master, says he, scorneth to be in Debt, I have no Reason to fear the Threats of your Human Imbecility. — But however, since on-*

Ruffians and Window-breakers fight in the Night; Let us expect the Morning to be Witnefs to our Valour, upon whose Arrival, the Vanquished shall be wholly at the Viſtor's Service, they both aroſe and order'd their Squires to prepare the next Day for the Encounter, and to ſee that their Weapons were fit for Service.

Poor *Sancho* was in a fatal Dread at hearing of this, and thought he ſaw himſelf cleft in halves like a ſlit Deal already, for you muſt know when Maſters are Engag'd, it is not for their Squires to be idle, and ſtand ſtill, and that *Sancho* knew, who was in no Humour to Fight, and thought Time would take Care enough to diſpatch him out of the World.

And now the little Birds began to chirp their early Salutations to the dawning Light, the Fields were freſh and gay, the Woods were Merry, and Serenity and Sun-ſhine laugh'd upon the Earth: But not ſo laugh'd *Sancho*, for no ſooner did Day begin to diſtinguiſh Objects, but the firſt Thing that offer'd itſelf to *Sancho's* Obſervation, was the Squire of the Wood's Noſe, which appear'd ſo monſtrous, and ſurprizing to *Sancho*, that he reſolved to endure five Hundred kicks of the Britch, rather than Combat with ſuch a Hobgoblin.

In the mean time the two Maſter Combatants began to Mount, and to part from each other, to take Ground for their Career, *Don Quixote* ſwear- ing by all the Hoſt of *Egypt*, that before a Cat could lick her Ear, he would make the Bravo ſenſible who it was that had ſo impiouſly be- ly'd him. And now it was that poor frighted *Sancho* took an occaſion to deſire his Maſter to help him up into a Tree, from which, as from a Balcony he might behold the Combate, not daring he ſaid for all the World to truſt himſelf upon the

the Ground with such a Monster as the Knight of the Wood's Squire, who for his part, he believ'd to be the Necromancer that protected the Knight. This said, by his Master's Assistance, he scrambled up into the Tree, whilst the Knight of the Wood was setting forward with his Courser, which being, as misfortune would have it, a poor mortify'd Hackney, miserable slow was his Pace: But *Don Quixote* not thinking himself oblig'd to take notice of this; according to the Maxim, *It is lawful to take all Advantages in War*, surpriz'd him so furiously with his Lance, and sent him with such a damnable frownce to the Ground, that his frail Mortality lay extended at its full length without Sense or Motion; who no sooner fell, but *Sancho*, who tho' he could not fight, knew how, like a Spaniel to seize the Prey after it was shot, came spinning down from the Tree, like a Spider from the top of a Window, but alas! The Don having unlac'd his Helmet to give him Air, who do you think it was? Why even his Friend *Corasco*: However grown incredulous, and believing that this was only a false Appearance wrought by the Malicious Art of his Enemies the Necromancers, he had infallibly pick'd poor *Sampson's* Teeth, had not the Knight of the *Looking-Glasses* Squire came unmask'd himself, and assur'd him, that it was no other than the Student *Corasco*, who consenting to all *Don Quixote's* Proposals of Obedience and Respect, he suffer'd him to rise, and repair to the next Town for Spruce Beer, and *Lucatella's* Balsam for his Bruises, while he and his Squire continu'd their Journey to the City of Tournaments, in both whose Fancies the Motions of Sorcery were yet so strongly imprinted, they could not believe either what they saw with their Eyes, or felt with their Hands.

C H A P. XIII.

An Account who the Knight of the Looking-Glasses was. Don Quixote's Adventures with a Gentleman of Mancha, together with his Mad Attempt upon the King's Lions, &c.

Merrily now jogg'd on Don Quixote, Triumphant in the Victory he had obtained over a Knight, whom he would by no means allow to be any other than the Valiantest Knight in the World : And pleasing himself with the Commands he had laid upon him, the Performance of which he expected a very speedy Account of, tho' contrary to his Expectation, the Knight of the Looking-Glasses was meditating Revenge, both for the pain he felt in his Bones, and for that unfortunate miscarriage of his in his Adventure ; which he had undertaken upon the Curate and Barber's Advice, on purpose to reform the poor Gentleman from his freakish Distemper, who as the only probable way to recover him, had importun'd this Sampson, and his Squire after, to equip themselves after the manner aforesaid, and taking their opportunity to try if they could thrash his Doublet, and so Vanquish'd in Fight, impose their own Conditions according to the Laws of Knight-Errantry.

But as we said, the Don rid on with all the Comforts imaginable in his Soul, reasoning himself still more and more into the belief that this was not Corasco, but some other Knight that he had Vanquish'd in Battle, but the Truth will one Day come to Light.

As he was thus reasoning, they were overtaken by a Gentleman in a Country Habit, upon a Curious

rious Dapple Grey Mare, who seemed by his Aspect and Deportment, to be a Person of Quality about 50 years of Age, he was in Commission in his Country: And of a Disposition Affable and Courteous, but seeing a Man so strangely shap'd and garbated, could not but gaze a little, because they were Novelties he had not been accusom'd to, when on a sudden *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes, saw a Waggon upon the Road with Flags and Streamers, and bearing the King's Arms, which believing to be some new Adventure, he call'd to *Sincho* for his Helmet, which I should have told you he hitherto had rode without, and the Squire had fastned to the Pommel of his Saddle.

By this time the Waggon drew near with one single Person in it, and the Waggoner himself riding by it upon a sorry scrub Nag, having in it a couple of Lions in Cages, sent by the Governor of *Oran* as a present to the King, the Streamers signifying to whom they belong'd; immediately *Don Quixote*, who was firmly convinc'd that all this Story was but an Illusion, and that some Inchanter or other had sent these Lions only to scare him, posted himself before the Waggon, and in spite of what could be said either by his Squire or the Gentleman. ——— *Lions scare me!* says he, *perpetual Raggamuffin open these Cages*, speaking to the Keeper, *or I'll nail thee with this Lance to the Wheel; for my Profession is not to fear, but to look Danger in the Face?* For Heaven's sake, says the Waggoner, *Sir forbear, but however it be, let me take out my poor Horses first, for as I live, I have no other Subsistence but them and my Waggon, and I have no mind at all that they should be entomb'd in the Paunches of a couple of Lions, tho' they are the King's*: But in short, there being no hopes at all of any Accomodation betwixt the Li-

ns and the Don, the Waggoner was forc'd to take out his Horses, and the Keeper to comply, after every one had put on, and strove to get out of the way as far as they could, tho' he first indeed besought the Don over and over, that he might not be constrained to let out those terrible Animals upon him, and perswaded him not to expose himself to unnecessary Ruin, and took what time he could to open the Cage : But the Don was still resolv'd, and leaving *Rozinante's* Back, lest he should be frighted at the sight, fix'd himself in his Gladiator's Posture before the Doors of the Cages, and with an insuperable Valor, defy'd and dar'd the Savage force of Lions, more Monstrous than ever roar'd within the *Libian* Deserts:

In the Cage now wide open, how I tremble to tell you ! There lay a huge Monstrous tame Lion, who first tumbling about, and rowling in his Straw, and stretching out at length his Hideous Limbs, came out for the Air, and after a turn or two, contemning all the Bravadoes of the vap'ring Hero.

However it cannot be said but the Hero's Valor was sufficiently shown ; for it was plain he waited for his Enemy, his Enemy fail'd, and what could he have don more, unless he had posted him for Coward ? And therefore the Don being satisfy'd, only desir'd a Certificate in due Mole and Form of what was don, and so rid after his Companions to fetch them back again, holding up the White Flag of his Handkerchief upon the end of his Lance, in token of Victory, whilst the Keeper lock'd up his Lions again, without any further Ceremony.

At what time *Sancha* seeing the flourish'd Handkerchief : *I'll be hang'd*, says he, *if my Master has not kill'd the King's Lyons, and now no Ground will hold him—Stop, Gentlemen, stop*, says he, to the Gentleman looking back, and seeing
Don

Don Quixot flourishing his Ensign in the posture of a Victor, took up his Mare, and the Waggoner stopped his Horses, and rode back to Congratulate him, who no sooner were within hearing, but *Don Quixot* cried, Come on, *Honest Friend*, put thy Horses into thy Waggon again and pursue thy Journey, all the fear is over, and *Sancho* says he do thou give the *Honest Waggoner* two pieces for the trouble I have given him, to whom, and the Gentlemen, when they were come up, the Keeper gave a Relation of the whole Action the most Advantagious that they could of the Champion's side, which done, the Waggoner well satisfied for his stay, put his Horses into his Waggon and drove on.

Quixot resolv'd from hence to stile himself the *Knight of the Lyons*, and he, the Gentleman, and *Sancho* pursu'd their Journey very peaceably, the Gentleman admiring all this while, that a person should at the same time have so much Sense, and so much Extravagance, that a Man's Words should be always so proper and well delivered, and his Actions so half-brain'd and unadvised. Now the day beginning to waste, they put on towards the next Village, where they arriv'd within two hours the Gentleman offering them the Conveniency of his House.

No sooner were they come to the Gentleman's House, which they found to be large and well built but the Mother, whom her Son led by the hand came to congratulate the arrival of her Husband and not a little surpriz'd to see what an extravagant Mortal he had brought along with him; whom the Knight no sooner beheld, but throwing himself from *Rosinante*, with his accustomed Gravity and Ceremony, he saluted, as also the Son; to whom he went to *Madam Christiana*, for such was the Name of his Lady, he was received, when he had signify'd

the Quality of their Guest, with a more than ordinary Civility, and conducted into a fair Hall, when his Squire help'd him off with his Armor, which, were of Shamoy Leather, that had he not cover'd all with his Drab de-berry Cloak, he would have appear'd but in a shabby condition. Four days together was our illustrious Champion at Don Diego's House, such was the Name of the Gentleman; but then calling to mind the Proverb, *Guests like Fish grow stale at three days old*, he thought it high time to change his quarters. It is true Sancho lik'd his Commons so well, that he had no mind to remove but the Don resolv'd to take his leave, which he did at the four Days end. returning Ten Thousand Thanks to Don Diego and his Lady for their obliging Entertainment, and to their Son Lorenzo for his Ingenuity and Wit; whilst Sancho, to render his Condition the more comfortable at parting, he pleas'd the Butler so well, that he cram'd his Wallet as long as he could thrust in a Bit.

Don Quixote then full of soaring Thoughts, and Sancho well vittled, jogg'd on softly upon the Road, till at last they meet with four Travellers indifferently well mounted, two of them looking like Scholars, and two like Husbandmen, who stood in Admiration to see a Gentleman in a Figure so different from all the rest of Mankind; and by whom, after much Discourse had pass'd betwixt them, the Don and his Squire were invited to be Witnesses to one of the most magnificent and sumptuous Country Weddings perhaps as you ever heard described.

The Bridegroom, says one of the Scholars, addressing himself to Don Quixote, is one of the richest Farmers in all this Country, who, for that reason, is call'd Martin the Brave; and the Bride is a delicate bucksome Farmer's Daughter, whom, for

for her Beauty, they call Maudlin the Fair. The Wedding is kept in a Meadow near a Neighbouring Village, and the Preparations are extraordinary both of Fiddlers Minstrels and all sorts of Pastimes, Dancing, Jumping, Stool-Balls Cudgels, Fugling, Carding, and finally, all sorts of your rural Exercises wherein, perhaps you may come in for a share. But that which will surprize you most, will be the disconsolate Basil, who has been a Lover of the Bride from his Youth, and to whom Martin the Brave was prefer'd, only because he was not Rich enough for her, though in respect of Accomplishments he's no more to be compar'd to him, than a Sow-Gelder to a Lord of a Mannor. the Devil take them that spoil a good Match, quoth Don Quixot, and yet if all should marry that Love one another, what would become of Parents Authority, and what rare Breeds should we have? When Love rules our Reason, we chuse like People in the dark; on my Word Marriage is a Gordian Knot, and it behoves us to take care how, and with whom we tie it. But your Story of Basil.

Sir, says the Student, I have only this to say That when Basil understood Maudlin was to be married, he fell into a melancholly, and has hardly smiled ever since, neither eats nor drinks, but continually sighs; sometimes takes a short Nap upon the Grass, and then when he wakes, lifts up his Eyes to Heaven, in which posture he stands like a meer Statue, and, in all probability, when Maudlin's actually married, will expire.

No sooner were these words almost out of his Mouth, but they found themselves entring into Madam Maudlin's Village, where, tho' it was dark before they could reach it, the infinite number of Lights that they had hung out, made it appear as bright as Day, or rather all the Village seemed to be as it were one starry Sky; and

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which by ringing of Bells, and various Consorts of Musick, they merrily began the Nuptials. But as for *Don Quixote*, he would not enter the Town, but betook himself to a private Covert, and chose to sleep under the Canopy of Heaven.

No sooner was the Sun up, but the incomparable *Don Quixote* got upon his Legs, and waked the drowsy Squire, who, after he had pretty well open'd his Eye-lids, and stretch'd his Legs, clap'd Saddle upon *Rosinante*, and Pack-Saddle upon *Grise*, and away they rode to the great Arbor where the Wedding was kept, where the first Thing that blest the sight of over-joy'd *Sancha*, was an whole Ox roasting at a prodigious Fire, over which there hung no less than Sixteen Pots full of all sorts of Provisions, Pidgeons, Bacon, Hams, &c. The second was a hundred Cheeses pil'd up together, which made so fine a Fortification, that *Sancha* would willingly have ventured his Body to attack it. The third was Threescore Punchions of Drink, which made his Chaps Water as he rid along. But *Don Quixote's* Thoughts were otherways employ'd, who by this discerned Twelve spruce Farmers Sons, all nicely bedeck'd with Favours, entering in upon their Steeds, and crying, *Joy to the Bridegroom and Bride; to him the richest, she the fairest in the World.*

Hah! says *Don Quixote*, the *Fairest in the World*, sure they never saw my *Dulcinea del Toboso*, like a Company of Buzards as they are.

But yet this pass'd on very well, when after this came in twenty four brisk young Fellows with Handkerchiefs of Silk of divers Colours about their Heads, and crowned with Branches of Laurel and Chesnut, dancing militarily, and skirmishing one at another with their Swords in their hands, which pleased *Don Quixote* mightily.

And what was most surprizing, ~~was~~ a Company of young Virgins clad all in Green, and garlanded with Jessamine and other Rural Ornaments, with their Hair part plated, part loose, playing upon their Shoulders, and tripping to the Horn-pipe, which consisted of two Rows of Nymphs; the one was led up by the Representative of Love, the other of Money; the Nymphs also that followed, had all their respective Characters, and emblematick Habits: All these, by turns, made their several Orations, which was very fine to hear. Several other Passages there were in the Masque, which, for Brevity's sake, I must omit, and tell you in brief, it closed up with all the satisfaction imaginable to the admiring Spectators, and was composed by the Curate of the Parish; and now it was that they descry'd the Bride and Bridegroom, accompanied by the Curate and their Relations, and a great number of People in their Holy-day Habits, and the Musick playing before them, advancing towards the Arbour, while the Bride glistning from Top to Toe with her Jewels, was thought to have Riches enough about her to pay a broken Banker's Debt, and to which she gave such a resplendent lustre by her Beauty, as concluded her, in the Opinion of all, to be one of the fairest Creatures in the World.

In this Posture did the select Company make up to a kind of Scaffold in the Meadow, where the Business was immediatly to be performed, when of a sudden, they espy'd a dejected Person in Mourner's Weeds coming behind them, and crying *Hold, hold, be not quite so hasty.* Which occasioning them to stop, as soon as he drew near, fixing a Cudgel he had in his Hand headed with Iron in the Ground, he fronted the Couple, and said *Ab! Ingrateful Maudlin, says he, What, Am I forgot? What, wed thy self to another, while*

am living? What urges thee to be thus false, after thy troth so solemnly plighted to me alone? Must Riches alone make a Man happy? Well, says he, fetching a great sigh, If it must be so, let wealthy Martin live, and Basil Die. And so drawing out a short Sword he had in his Cudgel, and pointing it to his Breast, fell upon it in that manner, that it came out at his back, and the unfortunate Basil lay weltring in his Blood, while all his Friends ran up to him to make their Lamentations; but then it was that Basil recovering a little breath, and the Sword sticking still in his Wound, *Ab! Cruel Maudlin*, says he, *Would she but now, at this my last gasp, vouchsafe me her Hand, and but acknowledge herself to be what she is by the Laws of God and Man, my true and only Sponse, I could contentedly expire; it is but saying Yes, and then—*

Upon which his Friends so arduously press'd the Bride and Bridegroom in his behalf, that they would condescend to gratify their dying Friend in so innocent a Request, and that they would vouchsafe to suffer him for those few Moments he had to live to enjoy the desired accomplishment of his Wishes, since it would no longer delay the accomplishment of theirs.

They both agreed that *Maudlin* should be Married to him for the time he had to live. Upon which, the Curate immediately entered them into a solemn League and Covenant one with another, and to content the poor departing *Basil* to the uttermost, gave them both his Benediction.

When no sooner was the Nuptial Blessing given, but up starts the Man who seemed to be going with so much speed into the other World, and with an unexpected Dexterity draws the Sword out of his Body, assuring them, to take off their Surprise, *That it was no Miracle that they saw, but that*

all this was a Trick that he had us'd to gain his lawful Mistress: And then shewed them the Pipe full of Blood, which he had pierced, which was ingeniously fitted to his Ribs by an Artist that had prepared it for that purpose. Now the Curate and *Martin*, and his Friends, could not but acknowledge themselves fairly cheated, and the new Married Woman was so pleased with the Ingenuity of the Trick, that she confirmed the Contract again, and took *Basil* for her Husband. But tho' *Martin* and his Friends could not but own themselves to be ingeniously chous'd, yet they were too much gravel'd with it, not to meditate some revenge, and therefore all drawing their Swords, there had like to have been a pretty Battle, had not the Don, mounting his *Rosnante*, couching his Lance, and covering himself with his Shield, thrown himself between the Combatants, and with his accustomed Wit and Rhetorick so satisfy'd them, as to bring them to an Accommodation; so that *Martin* resolved to let his Feast go on, and *Basil* and *Maudlin* retired to *Basil's* Village, whither he and his Companions invited *Don Quixote* to go along with them, whom they look'd upon as a Person of more than ordinary Worth and Quality.

Nay, they thought nothing too good for one who had so much signalized himself, so that three whole Days did the Don and *Sancha* stay with the new Married Couple, upon whom the Champion bestow'd most excellent Admonitions. At the end of which, he requested the Curate to help him to a Guide to the Cave of *Montesino's*, which he had a great mind to enter; to whom the Curate recommending a Kinsman of his who was a very good Grammarian, and a great Friend to Knight-Errantry, it was not long before they all mounted *Don Quixote* I mean, and *Sancha*, and the young Scholar, and set forwards towards the wonderful

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Don Quixote de la Mancha. 101

Cave. All this Day was spent in pleasant Discourses, and at Night they Lodg'd in a Village about six Miles from the Cave, where furnishing themselves with Ropes for their purpose, they arrived about Two the next Day in the Afternoon at the Mouth of the Hole, which was so covered o're with Weeds and Bushes, as if the Avenues to it were altogether lost.

No sooner was the Don arrived, but he alighted and caused himself to be fast bound, and then falling upon his Knees to recommend himself to Heaven and *Dulcinea*, prepared himself for ingulphing into that unknown Abyss: But finding it all overgrown with Brakes and Bushes, it was necessary that he should cut his way with his Sword, but strange to tell; no sooner had he struck about four or five Blows, but he raised such a Company of Crows and Batts about his Ears, that he was not able to stand on his Legs, such was the impetuosity of the Winged Tempest, an Omen so bad that it might very well have made him desist from his Enterprize; But up he rose again undaunted, abey committed himself to the Rope, which now had him fast about the middle, and the mercy of his two Friends, who winding it about the Body of a small Tree, let him gently down, *wishing him all Prosperity in his Enterprize, and that Omnipotence would preserve him once more to see the comfortable Sun, which he thus hair-brainedly contemn'd, to court Eternal Darkness.*

Nay, they were so free of their Hemp, that they never left off giving him Cord: till they had let down an hundred Fathom, so suffered him to be about half an Hour in the Pit, thinking he had time enough to look about him, begun to haul up, but feeling no Weight till they had pulled up about Eight and Twenty Fathom, *Sancho* fully concluded that some Devil or other had got his

Master a Pick-Pack : In short, at last they drew the heavy Load, which both of them durst have sworn had been pawn'd for the Reckoning ; who, after he had taken a little cool Air, sitting down upon the Ground, gave Sancha and the Scholar the following Relation of his Adventure.

When you are descended, says he, about Twelve or Thirteen Fathom, you come to a large spacious Concavity, enlighten'd by certain glimmerings which fall through some narrow holes that reach the top of the Earth, whither when I came, to tell you the Truth, I was a little weary of hanging by the middle, and not willing to go any farther without a Guide, coil'd up all the rest of the Cable, and there set myself down full of pensive Contemplation ; and speaking to Sancha, Time may come, says he, that I may tell thee such wonders that may amaze thee, both of the Reverend Monk and himself, from whom the Cave takes its Name, and of all those astonishing Wonders that he has shew'd me. But let it now suffice, that amongst a Thousand other amazing Miracles, which possibly I may impart at times as we ride along, I saw, &c.

Here the Scholar interrupted him : Alas ! Sir, says he, How could all these strange things be seen in so little time as you have been in the place.

So little time, reply'd Don Quixote, why I have seen the sun rise and set at least three times since I have been there, so that that time which you took to be so short, was at least Three whole Days, and every one a Night at the end of it.

The Scholar was strangely amaz'd to see a poor Gentleman's Understanding craz'd after this wicked manner, but however he let him go on without any farther Interruption,

Be it known to your Infidelsbip, then persued the Don, that in one of the fairest and most delightful Meadows that ever Nature beautify'd with her Ornaments, whither of a sudden I was spirited by Necromanick Charms, I beheld a sumptuous Castle, and in that Castle the matchless Dulcinea, lately brought to that Devil's Counciler by Merlin the Sorcerer.

Here Sancha knowing this to be a damn'd Lye, I think had Confidence to tell his Master so too, being very well satisfy'd, That there was no other Inchanter in the whole World of Dulcinea but himself.

Which yet the Master gave so little heed to, that he went on still with his Story, and describ'd to them all the very particular Marks by which he knew her, to the no small astonishment of his Hearers, when looking back, he was diverted by the sight of a Footman travelling a great pace upon the Road, and driving a Mule before him loaded with Lances and Halbards, and coming up towards them, who tho' he could not stay, yet told them, That at a certain Inn upon the Road, if they thought it worth their trouble to follow him, he could tell them Wonders. And so giving his Horse a good jerk upon the Buttocks, away he went.

Don Quixote, who had an itching Ear after all Novelties, especially if they had the least twang of an Adventure, resolv'd to lie at the Inn that Night, and therefore made the best of his way thither he could.

C H A P. XIV.

Rare Accidents at their Inn, containing the Braying Adventure, with the Adventure of the Puppet-Players, and the Fortune-telling Ape.

THE Sun was almost set when they arrived at the Inn where *Sancha* was over-joy'd to find that his Master, who was so much a Fool and a Wiseman by turns, took it really for what it was, and not for a Castle; where no sooner was *Don Quixote* alighted, but he enquired for the Man he met with upon the Road, with the Swords and Halberts, being in great haste to know what those Wonders were which he promis'd to tell him, and would not be shew'd a Room till he had caus'd the Carrier to be sent for, and challeng'd his Promise, which he thus made good, while the Don, the Scholar, *Sancha*, Page, and the Inn-keeper lent him their Ears.

You must know, says he, that about five or six Miles from hence, there is a Town under the Government of two Bailiffs and their Assistants, the chief of which Bailiffs lost by chance his Milch Ass, which about fifteen Days after he was told, was skitting about the Mountains, so wild, that all the Craft in the World could not take her, upon which the Bailiff, together with the Serjeant went very early the next Morning to examine the Mountain, where, after many a weary step, and not so much as an Hair of an Ass to be found, they invented the following Stratagem, they both having a pretty good faculty at Braying, agreed to make use of their Talent, concluding that the Devil must be in the Ass if she came not to her own kind,

which

which they did so exactly, that they often mistook one another for the Ass; but all in vain, for the poor Ass lay dead in a Thicket on the Mountain, which when they discover'd, they went home as wise as they came, and as hoarse as a Sow Gelder's Horn.

Such a Story as this quickly flew about all the Country, and all the Neighbouring Villages will still be upbraiding of our Townsmen, with the Braying of our Constables, so that now there can never be any meeting betwixt them without Daggers drawing and bloody Noses; Nay, to Morrow there is a Battle to be fought upon this occasion about two Leagues from hence, which is the reason of my being sent to bring these Instruments which you saw, and which is the Wonders I promised to tell you, which if it be not a wonder, it may produce a Wonder for ought I know.

At the same time that this Country Fellow concluded his Story, came into the Inn a Merry Andrew, and one of the best for Puppet Plays in all that Country, with the Show of *Melissandra*, made by Don Gaffero himself, with a wonderful sort of Monkey, that resolv'd all manner of Questions that could be put to him in his Master's Ear (or rather his Master for him, after he had whisper'd him in the Ear) for Twelve Pence a-piece, pretending yet with much more certainty to tell what had befallen, than what should befall; and all this he could do while a Man could tell five, so fully and perfectly had he inform'd himself before of the Inn-keeper and others of the Condition, Quality, and Circumstances of all the Persons in the Inn. But no more of this— Now therefore to the Show, which no doubt will afford something new.

The Puppits being all drawn up in a convenient Room, and the Wax-Candles glim'ring round about, *Andrew* placed himself behind the Motion to move the Puppits, and make them speak, whilst an Interpreter with a little Wand pointed to every Figure as it came out, and explain'd the whole Mystery to the Company, who all sat down in silence and hung their Ears upon his Mouth, who thus began :

This History, Gentlemen, says he, in the first place is true, and taken out of the Chronicles of France. This, says he, is Don Gaffero's; that such a Potentate; that the Fair Melisandra, and that the Castle of Saragosa, in which you see her looking out from a Balcony in a Moorish Habit, and now see the Saucy Slave that hits her a Pat of the Shoulder, and Kisses her as she turns her Head, for which he is apprehended by the Guards, and order'd to be Whip'd thro' the City immediately without any formality of Trial; for amongst the Moors the King's Word is a Law.

At what time the Don interrupting him, *Young Man, Young Man, says he, pray let me have no more of these Flourishes, but go on with your Story in a direct Line, for I must tell you there ought to be a formality of Trial before any Prisoner be condemn'd, but this pass'd, so the Lad went on, Now observe, says he, Gentlemen, the Peerless Beauty escape from the Castle wherein she was Prisoner, by means of her Lover; who comes and fetches her, and how the Trumpets sound and Drums rattles in the Air, while the Moors all pour out of the City in pursuit of her; at what time the Champion awakned by these words, and such a dismal hurry, and seeing such a clustre of Moors, which he believed to be as real Men as those that acted the Part in the time of Charlemain the Emperor,*
thought

thought it now high time for him to succour the two flying Lovers, and therefore starting up of a sudden from his Chair, and leaping upon the Table; *Held, Insolent Scoundrels*— says he, *hold your villanous Pursuit*; and so saying, laid on with such a vigorous Fury upon the poor innocent Puppits, that he fliver'd off all their Heads from their Shoulders with more exactness than a Dutch Heads-Man, sending them altogether with their Arms flying about the Room without any Mercy, notwithstanding what *Andrew* could say by way of mitigation to assure him that they were all Puppits, laying about him as long as he could see any of his Enemies, so that in a few Minutes he had cut the whole Motion in pieces, and cleared the Field of Battle by a compleat and general Destruction, whose good Fortune had it not been to have been there; Oh, the necessity of Knight-Erantry! in all probability poor *Melisandra* would have been apprehended, and would never have outliv'd the Cruelty of the Moors, to have been betwixt a Pair of Holland Sheets with her Husband.

The Company you will easi'y believe upon this was in a very sweet disorder, and no less the Black Tom that show'd the Play, to see his poor Innocents lie strow'd so upon the Floor, and flie'd into so many Pieces; but *Benengely* reports, That the Don, tho' he could not be persuaded that he any ways injur'd the Puppet Player, but that he had only accomplish'd the Duty of his Profession, which was to Succour the Oppressed, tho' the Malice of his Inchanters had caus'd the real and bright *Melisandra* and her Enemies to appear under such a Disguise; yet upon *Sancha's* Intercession he consented so far as to pay him for what damage he could pretend; and therefore examining the slain, and setting his Price upon every one, the Arbitrators moderated the Business, and allotted the Don to pay him a Mark in the whole, which *Sancha* paid down upon the Nail.

I *Don Quixote*, after he had generously pay'd the inn-keeper what he had in the Inn, and taken a civil leave of his Guide, returning also his Thanks to the Carrier for his Story, set out about eight of the Clock in the Morning for the Plains of *Heber*, which he was resolv'd to visit before he went to *Saragosa*.

Two Days together did he Travel without Adventure, but the Third, as he was mounting to the Top of a Hill, brought him News of about Two Hundred Men in a Valley on one side of the Hill, arm'd with different Weapons, as Pitchforks, Partizans, &c. and displaying their several Emblems, by which, and by their Motto, the Don understood them to be the Inhabitants of the Braying Village; of which he had already heard by the Carrier; the one was of a Black Taffaty, whereon was painted an Ass to the Life, stretching out his Neck, as in the Posture of Braying, and the other was,

*'Twas not for nothing, if well-weigh'd,
That both the Fools of Constables bray'd.*

All this multitude had Muster'd themselves up to Fight the People of the Neighbouring Village, for their Jeering of their Constables that Bray'd in the Mountain, which was no sooner espy'd by *Don Quixote*, but down he rode in amongst them, without asking any Questions, and made directly up to the Standard, where he thus bespake them, *Gentlemen*, sa s he, *as I am informed of the cause of your Quarrel, so I know that Men that are Wise and Well-Govern'd will never take up Arms but upon just Occasions, not upon little Trifles and Extravagancy of Waggersy and Pastime; beside, its certain whole Corporations, as I understand you are, are not to look upon themselves in any manner to be affronted unless by a general Accusation, and not by frivolous Reflections on particular*

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Parties, or to think it worth their while to seek revenge upon a Company of Feerers, if they are so vain as to insult over a small Misfortune, &c. Here the Don took a little Breath, but had enlarged much more, had it not been for an Accident that unluckily fell out, which I am going to tell you.

Saucha Pancha seeing his Master pause a little, thought he might take the same liberty with the little Dog in the Fable, and began himself to instruct the People, telling them by way of Confirmation of what his Master had said; *That he did not a little wonder with his Lord and Master, that they could think of Quarrelling at so small a thing as that of Braying; for, says he, without Vani y be it spoken, I my self have been so excellent in that extraordinary Qualification, that all the Asses in the Village would Bray when they heard me, and yet for all that I was no less the Son of my Parents, who were both well descended; I know I was envied too for this Quality, but every Man is to make use of those Parts that God has given him, and that you shall see, Gentlemen, that I am no Lier, your own Ears shall be Judges of my Capacity; and with this clapping both his Paws to his Nose, fell a Braying at that rate, that he made the very Valley ring again, upon which as he was going to it a second time, one that stood by him thinking he had mock'd them, gave him such a Remembrance upon the Back with a good Cudgel, that he laid poor *Sancha* sprawling upon the Ground, so that his Master was call'd off from making a Squire, and to this end began to couch his Lance, but feeling it began to rain mortal Show'ers of Stones, and seeing a number of Musquers ready cocking to discharge, he was forc'd to withdraw himself as fast as he could from the Throng, and was very glad when he found himself out of the reach of their leaden Messengers; As for *Sancha*, he*

was acquitted by reason of the blow he had received, and was laid a-cross the Ass to follow his Master, whilst the Warlike Peasants staid in the Valley till Night, and then return'd home triumphing to their Wives over their dastardly Enemies that durst not shew their Faces.

By this time *Don Quixote* having kindly met his Friend and Associate whom he saw coming towards him upon his *Grizle* in that manner, and resettled him upon his Pack-Saddle, they jogg'd on fair and softly to the next Wood, where they lay rough that Night at the bottom of a Tree, and got up early the next Morning to continue their Journey to the River *Heber*.

C H A P. XV.

Touching upon the Inchaned Bark, and recounting at large what hapen'd to Don Quixote upon his meeting the fair Huntress.

AFTER two Days march they arrived at the River *Heber*, where I might at large tell you how much the Don was taken with the delightful Prospect, the Beauty and Verdure of its Banks and Tranquility of its Streams, his Joy at the Discovery of a small Bark or Fisherman's Boat in the River, fast moor'd to the Trunk of a Tree; the Knight's fantastick Dream, that it was on purpose sent for him by some Magician to Wherry him over the Seas, in order to some extraordinary Adventure, which occasioned his and his Squires dismounting *Rosinante* and *Grizle*, cutting the Rope or Cable, and committing themselves to the Bark, his strange and prodigious Fancies all the way down the Stream, his taking the Mill for a Castle, and Summoning the *Paladine* to deliver up the Captivated Princess and Knights wrongfully detain'd: The Knight and his Squires unhappy falling into

the River by the overturning of the Enchanted Bark, and their delivery by the Millers : But since *Benignely* himself takes the whole Chapter for Fiction, I shall proceed to fresh Adventures.

The Don and his Squire being once more mounted, they was not long before they left the Unfortunate River, and upon the Day ensuing towards Evening, as they was bidding Farewel to a certain Forrest, *Don Quixote* espied at the further end of a Green Meadow, a great number of People who hapned to be certain Persons of Quality that were abroad with their Hawks and Spaniels, to whom riding up, he perceived amongst the rest a Lady with a Hawk upon her Fist, upon a White pacing Mare, most sumptuously Equip'd, which made him think another Adventure, thereupon he commanded his Squire to signify to her that the Knight of the Lyons presented his Humble Service to her, ador'd the Majesty of her Beauty, and ambition'd to kiss her fair Hands. So *Sancha* putting patient *Grizle* to the Trot, soon approach'd the fair Huntress, and deliver'd his Message to her upon his Marrow-bones at that formidable Rate, that it would have split your sides to have heard him, the Dutcheß return'd his Complements, and command him to signify to the Knight his Master, *With whose worth and Grandeur*, she said, *she had been sufficiently acquainted : That it would be the greatest Honour he could do both herself and the Duke, to accept of such a Welcome as they could give him at their Palace, &c.*

With this same gracious Answer *Sancha*, return'd overjoy'd to his Master, and *Don Quixote* was no less overjoy'd at such a prosperous beginning, so that fixing himself in his Saddle, Chirruping to *Rosinante*, and gracefully accommodating the Vizor of his Helmet, he rode up to the Lady, who

by this time had sent for the Duke her Husband, that they were both in readines to receive the Famous Champion; and (having read the first Part of the History of his Life) to accommodate themselves to him, as to humour him in all Things that were essential to the Entertainment of a Knight-Errant.

Presently *Don Quixote* came up, and the Squire holding his Stirrup, he dismounted, falling down before the Lady at her Horses Feet: but the Duke who knew his Wife to be no Saint, and therefore not fit to be Reverenc'd, Embracing the humble Votary, set him up again upon his Legs. At what time, my Lord Duke, says he, I am at your Lordship's Service, and my Lady Dutchesses, your Peerless Consort and Sovereign Princess of all Courtesies. Forbear your Complements, good my Lord *Don Quixote*, quoth the Duke, for as long as *Madam Dulcinea* lives, all other Ladies are unjustly Applauded; thereupon all Mounting, they set forward to a Castle of the Dukes hard by, whither when they were arriv'd, the Duke rode in before and gave particular Instructions to all his Servants, how to behave themselves to the new-come Guest.

So that no sooner was *Don Quixote* entred within the Court, but out came two Lacquies in long Crimson Vests to take him from his Horse; after which *Don Quixote* offering the like Service to the Dutchess, many high-flown Complements pass'd between them, but she refusing to alight in the Arms of any but her Husband, the Duke himself perform'd that Office, and then entred into a spacious Hall, where immediately came two Damfels and threw rich Mantles of Scarlet about the Champion's Shoulders, while the Galleries of the Room were all fill'd with Men and Women Domesticks, crying, *Welcome, Welcome, to the Cream*

and Flower of Knight-Errantry : And at the same time raining down Showers of Essences upon his Head, and those of the Duke and Dutcheßes, to the Ravishment of *Don Quixote*, who never thought himself a real Knight-Errant till now.

These Matters being over, the Knight was conducted into a noble Room of State, where he was disarm'd by two young Damsels instead of Pages, who were fully Instructed in all Points of Behaviour. And now *Don Quixote* being disarm'd, appear'd in his Trunk Breeches ; and in a word, so ridiculous a Figure, that the Young Girls had certainly bepiss'd themselves with Laughing, had not the Duke expressly forbid them ; which done, he requested that he and his Squire might for a while be left alone, where after he had sufficiently school'd *Sancha* for his rudeness to *Mrs. Abigail*, he presently dress'd himself, hanging his Eel-skin Belt about his Shoulders, together with his Trusty Sword, and so covering his Scull with a Velvet Monteer Cap which the Damsels had brought him ; in that Equipage entred the great Room of State, where he found Twelve Damsels ranged in order, that receiv'd him with all the Ceremony imaginable : Where also at the same time were a dozen Pages waiting to Conduct him where the Duke and Dutcheßes expected him to Supper, in the midst of which he marched in great Pomp to a Parlour, where stood a magnificent Table cover'd with Viands, and at the entrance of which, the Duke and Dutcheßes attended by their Chaplain, were ready to receive him ; where after many Complements pass'd on all Sides, they sat down in this following Order ; *Don Quixote* at the upper end, the Chaplain at the lower, and the Duke and Dutcheßes of each Hand of the Knight-Errant ; at what

what time *Sancho* gave the Duke and Dutchess a very pleasant Entertainment, with a Story of his which he had in his Head, which nipt his Master so much to the quick for taking place above the Duke, that it brought so many different Colours into his Face, he look'd like a piece of speckled Jasper; but that *Sancho* might have no farther opportunity to go on with his unseasonable Follies, the Dutchess began to turn the Stream of the Discourse, ask'd the Champion, *When he heard from his Dulcinea, and how long it was since he had sent any Robbers or Giants Heads to her? Alas! Madam, says he, it is true, I have very often and in vain sent many Trophies of my Victories (fetching a deep sigh) to that high-born Princess: But, alas! where should they find her out? For, Madam, the Lady you speak of lies now Incharmed.* Here the Chaplain interrupted him, for hearing them talk of nothing but Giants and Incharments, he began to conjecture that this must be the same Worshipful *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History the Duke was so continually a reading, and concluding his Conjectures to be true, began with a formal serious Gravity to reprehend the Duke for feeding his Humours, and pampering his Extravagancies; and then turning with a Frown to *Don Quixote*, began to give him some grave Admonitions, but was soon interrupted by the Dutchess who would not suffer him to go on; but after several Discourses past of Knight-Errantry, made it her Request to *Don Quixote*, to give her a particular Description of Madam Dulcinea, whom, according to what People speak of her, she believ'd to be the perfectest Creature in the World.

While

While Don Quixote fetching a profound Sigh :
 Madam, to give your Excellency satisfaction, says
 he, would require all the skill in the World, since
 he is hardly to be conceiv'd by Imagination ; and
 to tell you the truth, the Misfortunes which have
 lately befallen her, have almost rooted the very
 Ideas of her Angelick Beauties out of my mind ;
 for going not long since to kiss her Hands, I saw
 her Metamorphis'd from a Princess even to a Country
 Puzzle ; I thought to have found an Angel, and
 met with a Devil. In fine, I expected Dulcinea
 del Toboso, and met with a meer Blowse. Passion
 of my Heart, quoth the Duke, who should this
 Monster be that should cause all this ? Why even
 one of those perpetual Ragamuffins of Necroman-
 cers, says Don Quixote, that have plagu'd me
 without Cessation all along, and will I doubt to
 my dying Day ; even such as Hell has spew'd out to
 eclipse the Glory of Men of Merit.

Very well, says the Dutchess, but that which
 puzzles me is, I do not read that your Lordship
 ever saw this Madam Dulcinea, by which it ap-
 pears to me as if she was only some Chimera of a
 Lady, and no reality, a sort of an Idol purely
 form'd by your own Imagination. Madam, your
 Ladyship dives a little too far into these Mysteries,
 reply'd Don Quixote, but however, whether she
 be reality or fiction, it is nothing to me, I look
 upon her to be a Lady endu'd with all Perfections,
 to be Lovely without Blemish, Reserv'd without
 Pride, Amorous with Modesty, &c. all which are
 the Consequences both of her noble Education and
 Descent.

My Lord Don Quixote, cry'd the Dutchess, your
 Lordship has so much the Gift of Persuasion that I
 must submit, and from henceforth resolve to believe
 that there is such a Lady as Madam Dulcinea
 Beautiful beyond compare, of an Illustrious Race,
 and

and altogether deserving the Services and Adoration of so worthy a Knight as Don Quixote, or the Knight of the Lyons, for whom certainly Toboso, the Place of her Nativity will be no less famous than Troy for Helena, Delos for Latona, or the River Severn for Sabrina, St. George's Mistress.

But hark ! while the Duke and Dutchess, and Don Quixote are thus Discoursing, there is a great noise in the Castle, and by and by behold Sancha as if hair'd almost out of his Wits, running towards them in the Parlor, of which take the reason as follows : Sancho it seems got amongst the Philistines in the Kitchen, and refusing to be Trim'd according to the old Custom, and his Master's Example, they had plotted together, and throwing a dirty Napkin about his Neck, was pursuing him with their Dish-Water and Wash-Balls to do him the Office of a Barber ; but that which indeed offended the Squire was the Nastiness of the Water ; for to speak truth, the Puddle they would have us'd was not fit to wash a Friars Toes in, so that the Squire all enrag'd ; *By the Life of Pharaoh*, says he, *be that touches a hair of my Beard, I'll give him such a dash of the Teeth, that I'll make him swallow my Fist.* Pray, says he, let me have none of these sort of Soapings ; at what time the Dutchess was ready to split her Sides to see Sancha in such a Fury, but however she so far interposed her Authority, that she would not suffer her Servants to commit any further Abuses upon a Person of Sancha's Quality. After this the Duke went out to give Orders concerning the farther Entertainment of Don Quixote, who betook himself to repose, and the Dutchess was so taken with Sancha's Drollery that she desir'd him if he was not dispos'd to rest, that he would come for an Hour or two, and sit with her in the Parlour, which he accordingly did.

C H A P. XVII.

Containing the Pleasant Discourse between Sancha Pancha and the Dutcheſs, worthy to be read with Attention.

SAncho being now ſate down in a low Chair by the Dutcheſs, the Dutcheſs firſt began: Mr. Governor, ſays ſhe, (for you muſt know the Duke was as faſt bound as Promiſes could make him to make Sancha a Governor of an Iſland in a ſhort time) I would fain be ſatisfy'd about ſome difficult Points in the Famous Hiſtory of your Maſter Don Quixote de la Mancha: And the firſt is, How Sancha, who confeſſed he never ſaw Madam Dulcinea, durſt be ſo audacious as to feign an Answer from her, and to ſay ſo ſcandalous a thing, and ſo reflecting upon her Honour, as that he found her liſting of Wheat?

Madam, ſays Sancha, If your Highneſs ſo pleaſe you ſhall have my very Heart out of my Belly, and therefore I am ready to Answer all your Queſtions, be they as numberleſs as the Sand. And as to this, I muſt tell your Grace, my Maſter being a moſt accompliſh'd Blockhead, I do ſometimes take the freedom of telling him Stories of a Cock and a Bull, and ſuch was that Answer of mine to his Letter, and alſo that Lye in pickle of the Inchantment of Dulcinea, who, before George, is no more Inchant-ed than Mahomet's Tomb. Of which, at the requeſt of the Dutcheſs, he told her the whole Story.

But hark ye me, Sancha, ſays the Dutcheſs, If Don Quixote has had ſuch a knock in the Cradle as you talk of, and is ſuch an irrecoverable Fool, wherefore do's that Sott his Squire continue ſtill in his Service, who, had he been any whit wiſer than Waltham's Calf, would have gone from him long ago.

W by.

Why, upon my Virginity, Madam, you speak Gospel, says Sancha, but where the Goat is ty'd it will browle; My Master is a good Master, and I am faithful, and ever was, and nothing, I believe, will ever separate us but the Pick-Axe and the Spade, and this an't please your Ladyship credit and as firmly think.

Well, but as to Dulcinea's Incantment, says the Dutcheſs, I am perswaded it is a certain Truth and that Sancha himself was beguil'd, when he thought to cheat his Master, and took the lowly that skip'd so nimble up upon her Ass to be a Country Lass, and not Dulcinea: For you may know that we are informed by several Necromancers here in the Country, that it was the very same individual Dulcinea.

Well, Madam, quoth Sancho, whether Madam Dulcinea is Incanted or not Incanted, 'tis my Bread and Butter of mine, pray let me not be plagued with Incantments: I am sure that as for my part, I am an honest Man, and let me have but this Government once, and you shall see Miracles.

Well, Sancha, quoth the Dutcheſs, I believe it, but it grows now late, and therefore pray you to your repose, and fear not but I shall take order for your Government, and that very speedily. So away went honest Sancha to his natural rest, and the Dutcheſs to the Duke, to give him an account of the Colloquies that had passed betwixt them and to contrive how to put the Don upon the following Adventure.

C H A P. XV.

The Method of Inchanting Dulcinea del Toboso, which is one of the most Famous Adventures in this Book.

THE Duke and Dutcheſs were ſo well-pleas'd with *Sancho's* Humours and his Maſters, that they reſolv'd to furniſh themſelves with all the Invention poſſible to make the beſt on't, which they could never want as long as they had the Story of *Monteſino's* Cave ſo freſh in their Memories, and had coak't *Sancho* to the belief of the reality of *Dulcinea's* Inchantment. After then they had ſpent a matter of ſix Days in inſtructing the Actors in a following Comedy, out they carried the Don and the Squire to hunt the wild Boar, with all the Grandure and Formality that would have become'd a crown'd Head. They ſet forward to a Wood that grew between two high Mountains, where being arriv'd, the Toils were ſet, the Hounds uncoupled, and the Hunters took their Stands, all placing themſelves where it was moſt probable the Boar would take his flight, excepting *Sancho*, who was ſo wiſe as to withdraw out of ſparms way; yet he had the Miſfortune, when he thought himſelf moſt ſecure, to light of a fatal Miſchance, for diſmounting *Grizzle*, and clamoring up a tall Oak for a full Proſpect, he was catch'd by the Britch by a Branch of the Tree, and for ſome time hung dangling in the Air till the Hunters happily came up to releaſe him: For as yet they were buſie in killing their Game, which with thei'r Spears and Javelins they were not long about, then laying it upon a Mule, and covering it over with Branches of Roſemary, they carried a Triumph to a fair Tent in the middle of the Wood,

Wood, where they found a Table ready spread, and a Collation, befitting the Magnificence of him that bestowed it.

After this, they again re-entred the Wood, to whether any new Game were fallen into their Toils; where, while they were eager at their Sport, they were, of a sudden, surpriz'd by Night more dark than usual, yet very favourable to their Design; for as they were going to see what was become of the Stars, they beheld all the Forest like a light Fire, and by and by they were saluted by a Noise of Warlike Instruments as if several Regiments were marching thro' the Wood, while other strange sounds and rattling made so dismal a Noise in the clouded Air, as it seemed to threaten no less than some sudden Disaster to the whole World, and struck them all with infinite astonishment, when on a sudden appear'd Post, rushing by the Company, and sounding a Horn of a prodigious bigness, like a speaking Trumpet whom the Duke calling after.

Hold, Brother Post, says he, who art thou, and whither so fast? And what are those Sons of Mars that seem to be crossing through the Wood?

I am, cried the Post, in a dreadful Tone, the Messenger that came to look for Don Quixote and those Six Troops of Necromancers that are bringing back the Lady of Toboso, and Montefino come in Person to teach Don Quixote the way disinchant. In plain terms, If thou art the Devil quoth the Duke, thou art a Mope-ey'd one, not see Don Quixote that stands before thee.

Before Heaven, and by my Conscience, reply the Devil, I have so many things in my Head, forgot my main Errant, and so fixing his Eyes upon Don Quixote, Sir Knight of the Lyons, says to you it is that I am sent, and by the valiant tho' unfortunate Montefino, to tell you that

bring

brings along with him an old Acquaintance of yours, Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he desires you would expect his coming : And so saying, blew his dreadful Horn, and disappeared, without staying for an Answer.

By this time the Night began to be far spent, when, after a great many horrible and frightful Scenes, and Diabolical Preludiums, drew near a Carriage drawn by four slow-paced Oxen, covered with Mourning, and bearing upon each Horn a lighted Torch led by two Devils, at the upper end of which was set on a Throne a venerable bearded old Man, wrapt up in a Gown of Black Buckram, who, with a loud deep Voice, cry'd as he went along, *I am the Necromancer Lirgand.*

Then followed a second and a third, and so stop'd after they had gone some few paces, at which time all these displeasing Noises ceasing, struck up a pleasant sort of Musick before a Triumphant Chariot, which was coming towards them, drawn by six Mules covered with White, all with Penitents upon them, in the same Colour, and each holding a Torch in his Hand. In which, at the upper end sat a shining Nymph, most gloriously array'd with glittering Tynsil, and her Face covered with transparent Gause, thro' which you might discern a most incomparable Beauty, close by whom sat the most famous Sorcerer *Merlin*, properly cloathed ; who, so soon as the Chariot came before the Duke, in upright Posture, thus bespoke *Don Quixote* :

*To thee, Fam'd Hero, that hast long deplor'd,
Thy Ladies Fate,
To thee I come,
To make her happy, who's unfortunate.*

Six hundred Stripes thy Squire must first receive
 ————— upon his Bum,
 ——— 'Tis Fate's unalterable Doom,
 And then Dulcinea shall return and live!

How, quoth Sancha, Six hundred Lashes, Mr. Devil's Pedagogue, methinks Three might serve, that laid on with my own Hand too.

How Rogue! quoth Don Quixote, Scoundrel, Garlick Eater, what, refuse the Oracle? I'll take thee, and ———

Soft and fair, quoth Merlen, the Stripes are to be with the Squire's own consent; and if laid on by any other Hand besides his own, half the Stripes may serve.

Neither one, nor the other, replied Sancha; What, must my Tail pay for the Sins of Madam Dulcinea? I beg your Diversion.

No sooner was this out of his Mouth, but the Lady in the Chariot standing upon her Feet; Envoils of a Gudgeon, says she, addressing herself to Sancha, Hangman's Varlet, Enemy of Mankind. What, says she, are these bright Eyes nothing? Nothing these glitt'ring Stars, and these hot Tears that have so insensibly furrow'd the Flowry Meadows of my Cheek? That thou shouldst be so sparing of that wrinkled Skin; and so meanly suffer the Flower of the Age, inexorable Monster to pine away under the deformity of a Country Puzzle.

Sancha, notwithstanding continued very obstinate yet as to the business of lashing, and would by no means suffer his Skin to be beat from his back, tho' it was to restore Dulcinea to the Beauty of her Complexion, having no more mind to it, than to turn Turk.

But the short of it is, the Duke telling him, That he must either Lash or be no Governor, since it would be an ill thing for him to impose upon his People a Man so Savage, that would not be mov'd with the Tears of a Distressed Lady, to undergo so small a Penance, and to comply with my Lady Dutchess: He at last upon Terms, Conditions, and Covenants, agreed upon, and accepted his Penance.

Which he had no sooner done, but up struck the Fiddles, and three Volleys of Small-Shot, testify'd the general Joy; the Champion a hundred times kiss'd the Cheeks and Fore-head of his Squire, and the Duke and Dutchess was well pleas'd; the Chariot mov'd, and the fair *Dulcinea* bow'd low in Gratitude to *Sincho*. All returning again to the Castle, at which time the Sun began to gild the tops of the Mountains.

And now the Duke minded to have an Hours Recess, complimented *Don Quixote*, in the profoundest manner and gave him and *Sancha* an Invitation to ride round his Grounds, and view the Beauty and Dimensions of his Estate, which they readily accepted. But they had not gone far before *Don Quixote* spy'd some Drovers driving a Parcel of Bulls and Oxen into a Pasture, which he no sooner saw, but he supposed them to be Enchanted Lions driven by Necromancers to guard the Castle were the immatchless *Dulcinea* lay Enchanted. This Thought no sooner reach'd his Brain, but without regarding *Sancha*, (as knowing himself invincible without him) he turn'd *Rozinante* short about, and with his Launce couch'd, ran furiously at one of them; which the Bull perceiving, soon set his Horns in a Posture of Defence,

fence, and gave the Knight such a Reception, that in a Minute Horse and Man were toss'd up



into the Air, to the no small Diversion of the Duke and Dutchess, who from the Top of a Terrace beheld the Adventure. And here Sancha was in such a Fright of being devour'd by these horn'd Beasts, that Nature losing its retentive Faculty, disembogu'd itself so plentifully, that it even ran out of the Knees of his Breeches. Don Quixote having recover'd himself a little, and the Bull having taken a run for it, he set up a cry of Victory, Victory, and made after his Squire, who was upon full speed back to the Castle.

CHAP. XV.

Containing the strange and wonderful Adventure of the Lady Dolorida, and other things of Note.

THE Duke and Dutchess infinitely satisfy'd with this Adventure, resolv'd to continue the Pastime; and behold another Scene of Mirth far more pleasant than the former, compos'd by the same Person, the Duke's Steward, who had represented in the former Comedy *Merlin* himself, whilst one of the Dutchesses Pages acted *Dulcinea*, and therefore omitting what occur'd in the interim, as being not so material to relate, I will tell you, That after Dinner, dining that Day in the Garden, they diverted themselves a while with *Seneca's* Repartees, when on a sudden they heard the mournful sound of Flutes, in Consort, with an ill-brac'd Drum, which made a very doleful Noise: Soon after entred the Garden, two in long Mourning Cloaks with each a Drum, and attended by two Negro's, playing upon Fifes; these were followed by a monstrous tall Giant in a mourning Cassock, over which was Girded a Belt with a hugeous Scimitar, his Face cover'd with a long transparent Vail, thro' which appear'd a Beard as White as Snow down to his Navel; which prodigious Spectre approaching the Duke, after he had three or four times stroak'd his broad White Beard. Know, most Noble and Potent Lord, said Trifalden, such was his Name, that I wait upon your Grace from the Countess of Trifaldi, otherwise the unfortunate Lady Dolorida, who begs that your Lordship would be so vouchsafe to hear from her a most lamentable Story, and that you would also admit her into your Presence. But in the first Place she desires to know if

Don Quixote be at this time in your Castle, for whose sake she has undertaken a most tedious Journey on foot, without so much as tailing by the way to these your Graces Territories. Most stupendious Squire, says the Duke, let your Lady know she has free Welcome, and moreover that she comes at the lucky time, wherein she will meet the peerless Baron of Mancha, and most generous Champion in the whole World, to Ladies especially of her Transcending Quality.

This said, Trifaldin return'd with the same formality with which he entered, making a low Obeyance to the Duke; when the Duke turning to Don Quixote, *What impotent things*, says he, *are this Malice and Revenge, and how unable to cloud the Beams of true Courage and Vertue!* See here, says he, *what the loud Report of your Fame has done, and the strange effects of your Generosity?* Don Quixote made no Reply, only returning innumerable Thanks to Heaven for calling him to that Noble Profession of Knight-Erantry, desir'd that the distressed Lady might have liberty to come and make known her Complaints.

When the Pipes and Drums now returning, gave the Company to understand that Madam Dolorida was at hand, who had the way led before her into the Garden, by Twelve Damsels cover'd down to their Feet with Vails of white Linnen, and was led by the Hand by the Famous Trifaldin her Squire with the White Beard, in a long Garment of black Bays, with three Traies born up by three Pages in Mourning, the which Damsels were likewise clad in large Mourning Habits under their White Vails, which were only cast over them.

No sooner did the black Squadron draw near, but the Duke and Dutchess rose up, and Don Quixote; and the Damsels ranging themselves in due Order, Madam Dolorida march'd up with a flow pace to the Duke, who stepped forward to receive her, and Compliments on all sides being over, Madam Dolorida with a profound Reverence thus bespoke the Company. *I question not, says she, but I am both of your Highnesses and Illustrious Auditors, of you all very generously receiv'd, since my Misfortunes are such as would mollify Marble. But before my rehearsal reach your courteous Ears; I desire to know whether the most Magnanimous Knight Don Quixote of Mancha, and his Squire of Squires Pancha, be any part of the Company.* Upon which the Don and his Squire marching majestically up to the oppressed Princess, it is not for unpolish'd utterance to tell you what high flown Strains of Rhetorick pass'd betwixt those Flowers of Courtisie and herself, and therefore without any more detaining you, know that Madam Three Skirts being sat down, and silence being commanded, thus began:

I was once the happy Governess, says she, of a Young Princess nam'd Antonomasia Daughter to Maguncia Queen of Candia, from whence I came, and Widow to the deceas'd King Archipiela, Owner, perhaps, also of as much Beauty, and yet no less discreet than Young and Beautiful, as ever yet Nature bestow'd upon Woman, all whose Charming and Enamuring Qualities were epitomiz'd in her single Person, when among the rest of her Enamorato's, a private Knight was so Presumptuous as to advance his Thoughts to this Nymph, and Heaven of Beauty, yet who was indeed Master of all the wonderful Qualities that might be capable of moving a Lady's Heart.

But in vain had Don Picklochio, such, was his Name, besieg'd that Fortress, of which I was made the Commandress, being Mother of the Maids to the Queen, had I not deliver'd him the Keys by whose Contrivances I was ensnar'd, and so unfortunately betray'd the Peerless Beauty. For had it not been for me, Gentlemen, I'll assure you, as great a Reward as I was, he could never have kiss'd the Hem of her Garment; but to go on: In short, the couple by any means were Marry'd, which Queen Maguncia laid so grievously to Heart, that in three Days she dy'd; but no sooner alas! doleful to tell, had we inter'd the Body of the deceas'd Queen, and cover'd it with Dust, but mounted on a Wooden Horse, Giant Malambrune, her Cousin German appear'd upon the Grave, and no less a Necromancer than a Giant, throwing pointed Arrows from his Eyes upon all that beheld him, as a Chastisement to the two Lovers who were there present, he Inchant'd them both upon the Tomb, one into a Monkey, the other into a Crocodile, engraving these words betwixt them:

Never shall these Lovers recover their Pristine Shape, till Manchegan to whom the Destinies have assign'd this Adventure, shall Encounter me in single Combate.

After which he cruelly drag'd before him both me and all the Ladies of the Palace, who are these you see before you, upbraiding us all with Procuration and Pandarism; and by his Hellish Inchantment so disfigured the Beauty of our Cheeks, that he caus'd our Chins and Lips to be suddenly overgrown with Beards of several Hues, as you see (upon which Madam Sorrowful and the rest of the Damsels lifted up their Vails) like miserable Wretches as we are; and so she fell into a Swoon.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

The Continuation and Accomplishment of the Adventure of the Countess of Trifaldi, with the manner of Don Quixote and his Squires Riding blindfold through the Air on a Wooden Horse.

SAncho seeing Madam Sorrowful thus in a Swoon, A Thousand Satans, says he, hale this Dog of a Necromancer to the bottom of the lowest Abyss, what could he find no other way of punishing these poor Creatures, than to be Grand-fathering their Muzles? When by this the Countess of Three Skirts being come to herself, thus Addressed herself to Don Quixote. Now therefore, says she, most Invincible Champion, unless you will take pity upon us and relieve us, we must carry these fatal Disguises with us to our Graves. At what time shew me but the way, and I am, Madam, reply'd Don Quixote, wholly devoted to your Service.

May it please your Magnanimity then, reply'd the Lady Sorrowful, I presume it may be from hence to the Kingdom of Cantaya about some Five Thousand Leagues by Land, but I suppose if your Worship take the most direct way thro' the Air, it may not be above Three Thousand Two Hundred. Now I remember the Giant told me that when I should meet with the Person that should dissolve this Incantment, to make the way shorter, he would send them an excellent Steed, being the same Wooden Horse that carried off the Valiant Pedro and Magalona, when he stole her away, and such a one as flies in the Air, with that swiftness, you would think the Devil himself was at his Heels, with a Hunting Whip, and indeed that very same Master-piece of Merlin, upon which he carried his Friend Peter of Provence many a long Journey thro' the

Air.

Air. Now, says she, if it be this Giants Pleasure to put an end to my Misfortunes, this same Horse will be here within half an Hour after 'tis dark: The Beast carries double, that is two Persons, usually some Knight and his Squire, unless some Lady, as I was saying, be to be whi'l'd out of human reach, and then she rides upon him like Ganimede upon the Eagles back. His Name is Screw-Peg the Swift, which at once expresses the celerity of his Motion, and what it is you manage him by, which is a Peg in his Forehead. Well, well, says Don Quixote, let him e'ne be what it will, and his Name be what it will, I wish he were but come, and I were at Cut and Slash with Malambroune, you should soon see, Ladies, with a propitious Eye Heaven should look upon your Misfortunes, and how soon this Razor of mine should shave off the Giant's Head, pointing at the same time to his Trusty Steel, and with what a dispatch, I would teach him to clap such Rubbing-Brushes upon Ladies Chins. May all the Stars of the Celestial Region, reply'd the Lady Three Skirts, shed their Influences upon your Highnesses Valour, for your Compassion upon your Contemned Females, disgrace of the earth, as we are.

Which last words she utter'd with such a lamentable Tone, and with such wringing of her Hand, that she melted poor Sancha to that degree, that he resolv'd to follow his Master to the end of the World, rather than not to contribute to the shaving of that Goat's Wool from their Noses, and that venerable Cammomile that so bespread their Ladiships Cheeks.

By this time the Night was come, and the appointed Hour for Screw-Pegs Arrival, which Don Quixote wait'd with an extraordinary impatience, when behold four Savages cover'd with Green Ivy,

entered

entred the Garden, bearing a huge Wooden Horse upon their Shoulders, which when they had set down. Now let them that have the Courage, cry'd they, mount this Wooden Animal; as for Malambrune, he expects nothing but a fair Stage, and fair Play. The Horse, we are to let them know, is to be order'd by the Peg in his Forehead, which when taken out, he flies immediately to the Place appointed. But let the Knight that rides him, say they, be bound with a Handkerchief over his Eyes, by reason he will be carry'd so much aloft into the Air, and so saying, skip'd and trisk'd out of sight the same way as they came.

When Madam Sorrowful beholding the Horse, with Tears in her Eyes: Most Valiant Knight, says she, see now Malambrune has fulfill'd his Promise, and therefore if you fail not of yours, I question not but we shall soon be deliver'd of this same troublesome Stool-Ball sitting, which so disfigures our Beauty.

Distressed Lady, quoth Don Quixote, such is my impatience to serve you, that you shall see I will not so much as stay for a Cushion, or to put on Spurs. Malambrune, tho' a Nec omancer, I understand is neither Mischievous nor Treacherous, but a kind of a Mongrel Christian, and can surely have no Intention to deceive, as long as he sends thus far for us; tho' indeed should the Giant grow humour-some, or be afraid to grapple with me, it might be Six or Seven Years before we return; but I say no more, Madam——and so thinking it a Scandal to his Courage to make any more scruples, got up without any more to do. Indeed Sancha was not in the same haste to ride a Witch-hunting in the Air. Come, come, says he, I know
when

when I am well, *St. Peter's at Rome, and I am here*, and my Lord Duke has promis'd me an Island; and was very long before he could be brought to be so charitable to the Ladies, as to hazard his Carcass upon this same Wooden Engine, but at last he mounted, fast bound about his Eyes as his Master had been before him, with a Handkerchief which he pull'd out of his Pocket, and so in an ill Hour lets go on, says he, and a Fig for all the Devils in Hell.

Now then, all things being ready, and due care being taken, the Don began to turn the Pin, all crying, *Sit fast, most Valiant Knight, and Undaunted Squire, Heavens protect you both; see how they cut the Clouds——What a height are they mounted already, &c.*

How, says Sancha, *What a height do they say?* clasping his Arms fast about his Master's Waste; *how can that be? Why methinks I hear 'em as plainly and distinctly, as if they were not above Eight Paviors Feet off, and yet on the other side methinks I have the Wind in my Poop, as briskly as if we were now in the middle Region of the Air, where that and all other Meteors are produc'd.* And indeed he might well say so, for Four or Five Men were now puffing them in the Breech, with each a Pair of large Kitchen Bellows in their Hands: *But the greatest Danger, Sancha; reply'd the Don, will be when we shall be in the Region of Fire, for I protest I know not how in the least to govern this Reg to hinder us from being burnt in those Ethereal Flames; which no sooner said, they began to warm their Noses with a blaze of lighted Tow, when I durst be hang'd now, said the Squire to the Don, if we are not come to the same Place you were talking of last, and are*

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now Tow'ring just over the Kingdom of *Candaia*; where we shall swoop down upon our Enemies, just like some Saker upon a Heron: In which *Sancho* was little better than a Prophet; for no sooner were these words out of his Mouth, but a Fellow was ordered to give fire to the Horse's Tail, and his Belly being stuffed full of all sorts of Fire-works, he gave such a Curvet in the Air, and the two Adventurers such a Jolt upon his Downfall, that down he threw them smoak'd and sing'd, and smelling of burnt Brisles like two Bacon Hogs, to the Ground; by which time Madam *Sorrowful* with her Regiment of Beards was flown out of the Garden, and those that remain'd behind, lay all like dead People, which *Don Quixote*, getting upon his Legs, half doz'd with the Fall, was amaz'd to behold, especially to see himself again in the same Garden, but that which surpriz'd him most, was a Green Parchment hanging by two Silver Strings at the upper end of a Lance that was stuck in the Ground, whereon it was thus written,

*The Adventure of Madam Dolorida is at an end,
'twas sufficient to undertake it, and all things
are in their former State.*

Having seen this, and first shewing his Piety by giving Thanks to Heaven in that he had finished so desperate an Adventure, he went up to the Duke, who lay as it were in a Swoon, *Wake, wake, Great Sir*, says he, *and pluck up a good Heart, all is well, as you may see by this Writing.*

Where-

Whereupon the Duke, Dutchess, and all the Company, rising up as if from a Trance; presently fell a Reading, and the Duke throwing his Arms about *Don Quixote*, assur'd him that he was the best and most Renown'd Knight of this later Ages, whilst *Sincho* was staring for *Madam Dolorida* and her Nymphs, who, they assur'd him as soon as *Screw-Peg* was fallen, vanish'd away without the least sign of any Beard, or that they ever had any; when after *Sancha* and his Master had told all those wonderful things that they thought they both say and heard, during their Accomplishment of this Memorable Adventure; the Duke and Dutchess was abundantly satisfy'd to see their Project take so well, and proceeded to the Contrivance of New Inventions.

C H A P. XVII.

Sancho's going to his Government, with Don Quixote's Advice to him before he went.

TO this purpose therefore the Duke and Dutchess laid their Plot, and the next Day the Duke gave *Sancho* to understand that he must prepare himself to take Possession of his promis'd Government: *Sancha* bow'd low, but with a strange sort of Indifferency told the Duke, *That now truly ever since he had descended from-Heav'n, with which he was transported, and had view'd the Earth to be no bigger than a Grain of Mustard Seed, he had no mind to be a Governour; for by my Altitude, says he, I could see no more than so in the whole World; so that I had rather have a small Canton, says he, an't please your Grace, if it were but half a League or so in Heaven, if your Worship could give it me, than all the Islands in the World.* Look you, *Sancha*, quoth the Duke,

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I can dispose of no part of Heaven if it were no bigger than my Nail, but as for an Island thou shalt have it as plump as a Bullrush, where perhaps honest Sancho, by the way, with pious Care and good Management, thou mayst get Riches enough to carry thee to Heaven. Nay then, says Sancha, let me have the Island, for if I han't a good corner on't, it shall go very hard, and besides now I think on't, it's a very sweet bewitching thing to command and be obey'd here upon Earth. While the Duke and Sancha were thus discoursing, came up Don Quixote, who, with the Dukes leave, understanding the Squire was to depart the next Morning, thought it convenient to give him a little Instruction first in his Chamber, where having withdawn, and lock'd themselves up, he thus began.

Sancha, says he, I see that I am like to be behind the Lighter, and thou, contrary to the Order of Nature, art first, to enjoy the Fruits of thy Desires, which I speak not yet; Sancha, to upbraid thee, but that thou shouldst rather ascribe this thy good Fortune to Heaven, than thy own Merit: Remember then now in what Sea thou art going to Embarke, and hear the Instructions of thy Master, which shall be but short.

First, Fear God, and know thy self, then by thy Courtesy and Civility, endeavour to avoid all the Reproaches of Envy and Malice: Own thy Friends; and be vertuously humble, that so by freely acknowledging whence thou wert, thou wilt suffer no blemish by the meanness of thy Extradition: for thou art not the only Example of such as have been rais'd from the Dunghill, and, in a word, steer thy self in all thy Actions with the highest Morality and Prudence.

Beware

Beware of being possess'd of that result of Folly and Ignorance, a resolute and obstinate Humour; and be universally just and charitable. These are the Rules, Sancha, by which, if thou livest, thou shalt be blessed eternally, both here and hereafter. But now, Sancha, to give thee a little sight into Oeconomies as well as Politicks, and in what concerns the Government of thy self and Family. And as for thy Political Management, in publick Affairs, observe these few Maxims: You may have a Favourite or Two, but never Screen them from publick Justice when they are call'd to an Account; if you have any Largesses to bestow, heap them upon your Subjects, not Foreigners; encourage the Manufacture of your Island, and the Opulence of other Kingdoms will swell the Exchequer and your Subjects Coffers: In fine screw not Justice up to its highest Severity; and when an Act of Grace passes your Sanction, let it be to preserve those rather who have been injur'd by the Publick, than Obliterate the nefarious Crimes of those who have rascally made their Fortunes by drenching and exhausting the publick Stock, &c.

Dón Quixote having ended, with these Instructions, his Squire Sancha took leave of him, and rode to take Possession of his Island; where being receiv'd according to the Customary Forms the Keys were given him, and he Sworn perpetual Governor, with whose Mean and Air I need not tell you how much they were surpriz'd; from Church they carried him to the Courts of Judicature, where the Steward acquainted him with the Antient Custom of the Place, &c.

At what time two Men of a sudden came in puffing and blowing into the Court, who seem'd by their Garb, one to be a Countryman, the other a Taylor: Justice, Justice, my Lord, cry'd the Taylor, who having satisfi'd his Lordship that

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that he was of that Profession, yesterday came this Countryman into my Shop, says he, &c. This Case was acknowledged to be very intricate, especially being the first, but however so speedily and excellently was it resolved by our New Governor, that the Hall rang again with Shouts. Other causes there were which our Worshipful Governor the Great Sancha dispatched with an equal Wisdom and Sagacity, to the Wonder and Astonishment of his Islanders, chief of which his Register fail'd not to send Post to the Duke, who expected their coming with no less Impatience.

C H A P. XVII.

Containing Don Quixote's Encounter with the Enraged Mouse-Catchers, also a continuation of Sancha Pancha's Government.

DOn Quixote not a little troubled in mind at the perceiving himself so affectionately beloved by the young and tender Lady, to divert his anxious Thoughts before he betook himself to his Rest, finding a Lute upon the Table, and opening the Window, seeing some body in the Garden, sung the following Song :

*Love is a dangerous Disease,
And oft excites the Beastial part
Of Pamper'd Rumps, that live at Ease,
Inflam'd by reading Bawdy Plays.
But let 'em at the Wash-Bowl toil,
And for their Livings Card and Spin,
Love raps at Door and sneaks away,
There's no Body to let him in.
Hot Love's soon cold, the Proverb says,
Like Flames that on dry Bamins feed,
And you may squench your parching heat,
With Vinegar and Lettice Seed.
One Picture on another drawn,
Will scarce appear, at least but dull*

Then

*Then seek some empty hearted Man,
For I protest my Heart is full.*

V.

*Think not I'll break Pyecorner Law,
And prove a false inconstant Knave,
'T shall ne'er be said Don Quixote went
A faithless Lover to his Grave.*

Don Quixote had no sooner concluded his Madrigal, to which the Duke, the Dutcheſs, Madam Joan, and a great number of other Ladies, full of Curioſity, had liſtened with moſt attentive Ears; but of a ſudden the diſdainful Champion heard a tinkling of an hundred little Bells over his Head, and ſoon after perceiv'd a whole Legion of Cats pour'd out of a Sack into the Balcony before his Window, with little Bells ty'd to their Tails; the Mewing of thoſe aſtrighted Animals, and the gingling of the Bells, made Don Quixote think Hell had been broke looſe, and four of the terrify'd Cats leap'd into his Chamber, where ſeeking which way to get out again, aſtrighted at the gingling they made themſelves, they ran like ſo many Sprights about the Room, flew againſt the Hangings, put out the Candle, threw down the Candleſtick, as alſo the Lute: At length Don Quixote unſheathing his Sword, attack'd theſe ſuppoſed Necromancers with ſuch a Fury, that he ſoon drove three out again at the Window, but the fourth being ſo hard put to it, and by reaſon of her Wounds, having ſmall hopes of eſcaping, flew directly in Don Quixote's Face, and ſeizing his leathern Jaws with her Claws and Teeth, made ſuch deep Impreſſions, that the Champion began to roar out like a Man tortur'd with the Stranguary. The Duke conjecturing at the Diſaſter by the

noiſe,

noise, presently ran into the Assistance of our Champion, lighted by his Servants, and rescu'd him from the Paws of the enraged Mouse-catcher, whom they threw out at the Window, and Madam Romp with her own Lilly White Hands, applied Plaisters to his Sores, whispering him in the Ear the while, that for his disdainful Ingratitude and Contempt of Ladies, this Punishment was but a just Judgment upon him: But to return to our Governor.

No sooner was the Court rose up, but *Sancho* was conducted in State to a Magnificent Palace, where Dinner being served up, and the Musick ceasing, who had play'd all the while, and the Almoner having said Grace, *Sancho* the Governor sat down by himself, attended by a certain Physician or Mountebank, one Seignior *Pedro Puncbenello*, a Native, as he call'd himself, of *Vitto* in *Pomerania*, who stood at his Elbow with a Whale-bone Wand, but such ill use did the Quack make of it, that hardly one bit could the Governor taste of what was before him, but he was touching it with his Wand, and away presently it was spirited from the Table by the Servitors, who continuing to lay his Wand on the rest of the Courses as they came up, they underwent the same Fate, to the no small Amazement of *Sancho*, whose Stomach was too craving to be satisfy'd with *Hye pass and be gone*, and therefore he demanded the Reason. *Why, Sir*, reply'd the Physician, *the custom of this Place is different from some other. I am Doctor of Physick to this Island, and am appointed by their Chiefs to attend on their Governors at the Table, and to remove those things that may be any ways prejudicial to their Health. Now therefore, Sir, the first thing that was ordered to be taken away was a Plate of Musk Mellons*

Mellons, which I know to be too moist, the other too hot and incitive, and preying upon the radical Moisture, and as for the next, these roasted Partridges according to my Master Hypocrates, a repletion of them is pernicious, and we always are guided by that North Star and Luminary of Physick; the next, which were roasted Conies, are terene and melancholly, and therefore improper for one of your Honours Constitution; about six Caraway Comfits, and two or three slices of Marmalid would be at present the best things you could eat. 'Slife, quoth Sancha, rising up from his Chair, what is it a custom in this Island to feed only with their Eyes, Mr. Homicide? Post-daubing Wretch and Scandal to Physick, either avoid the Room, or by the Life of Pharaoh I'll slit that venomous Wind-Pipe of thine. 'Slife, says he, what not eat! ——— By the Lord Harry, these Islanders sure take us Men in Authority to be made of Brass or Marble, and not Mortals subject to hunger and thirst, otherwise they would take more care for the satisfying human Nature; but on my Conscience, if I govern here but three Days, I shall make you Coxcombs of Mountebanks smoak, for upon my word you want to have your Shoulders well Currycomb'd.

The Physician thus snub'd and terrify'd, was making out of the Room, ready to besoul himself for fear, when arriv'd an Express from the Duke to Sancha the Governor, which by his Order the Secretary, after they had cleared the Room of all but some few whom he admitted as Privy-Council, read as follows:

Don Sancha, I hear that you are like to be surpriz'd within these few Days by Assassins, therefore be watchful; keep both strict Guards, and mind what you eat and drink. I will send you Assistance out of hand.

Your Friend, The Duke.

Sancha was strangely astonish'd at this News, and so his Council seem'd to be, and turning towards the Steward: Now that which I conceive is first to be done, says he, and that speedily too, is to lay this Doctor *Punchinello* by the Heels, for on my Life he must needs be in the Plot, that has thus openly attempted to starve me: In the mean time, Secretary, do you return my Answer to the Duke, and let him know all his Commands shall be punctually observed, and let them take away this Victuals, and give me something else to eat, for on my Conscience there is no subsisting without it; but now it is time to leave him champing upon his bit, press'd with Petitions, and the whole malicious Train of Attendances upon so Troublesome a Government, and return for a while to *Don Quixote*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

Of what befel Don Quixot, with Madam Dorothy, the Dutchess Waiting-Gentlewoman, with other remarkable Accidents, worthy of eternal Memory.

IT so afflicted the distressed Knight, to find himself so miserably used, that he kept his Bed six whole days together, when at length in the dusk of the Ev'ning, getting up out of his Bed with his all beplaster'd Face, and his Mustachio's half claw'd of, looking like some Hobgoblin in a Masque, he resolv'd to take one turn about his Chamber then it was the Venerable Matron, Mrs. Dorothy entred his Room in a most ghostly Figure, bearing a glimm'ring Wax Candle in one Arm, a Crutch in the other, and a pair of Spectacles on her Nose, which was discern'd through a Transparent Vail, and having Address'd her self to the *Don*, while he lay expanded at his full length upon his Bed, was assur'd by the Champion that any other than amorous Embassy should find its wish'd for return, and that he should not fail to listen to all other Complaints, upon which he should find all the Succour from him that could be giv'n by a Generous and Charitable Knight :

But pray, by the Way, says he, none of your Provocatives, or tempting Airs, I beseech you, for the peerless Beauty of my Dulcinea is too deeply imprinted in my Soul to suffer me to hearken to Importunities of that Nature. Sir Knight, reply'd Madam Dorethy, I expected no other than such a Christian-like Answer from an Air so full of Courtesy and Gallantry as yours. Know then, it is only the Remedy of an Affliction I desire, and which is in your Power to grant. And so she went on.

I am, says she, tho' now an unfortunate Widow, and under Servitude, being one of the Lady Dutchess's Waiting-Gentlewomen, a Native of Orviedo, and sprung from one of the most considerable Families in that Province, but left an early Orphan by the death of my Parent, but not to be too tedious in the recital of a lamentable Story, I am now, Sir Knight, a forlorn and disconsolate Widow, yet the Owner of a Daughter, whose Beauty, before it was defaced, (fetching a deep Sigh) was the Wonder of the World, upon whose abused Youth & Charms, I beg you would cast a compassionate Eye: With this pretty Creature of mine, know then, that a rich Farmer's Son, Tenant to the Duke, fell in Love, getting the Will of the poor silly Girl too soon, and now refuses to be as good as his Promise; and the Farmer being Rich, and often lending the Duke Money, I can have no Justice done: It is of you, therefore, Sir Knight, whom Heaven has reserved to right the Innocent, I request to be my Daughter's Champion, and either to meditate a Reparation, or by force of Arms to revenge her injur'd Honour.

C H A P. XIX.

Of the Governor Sancho's Progress round his Island, and what fell out.

I Need not tell you again in what plight we left the Great *Sancho*, who yet as thick-skull'd as he was, made shift to make his party good: but now Doctor *Punchinello* promises him he shall Sup this Night, to his hearts Content, tho' he sins against all the Aphorisms of *Hippocrates*: so that Ev'ning being come, and *Sancho* having somewhat appeas'd his Craving Appetite, he prepares to walk his Rounds, and to purge his Island, as all good Governors ought to do, as well of idle Persons as Vagabonds, saying, That like slothful Drones amongst the Bees, they only serv'd to waste and consume the Honey that was gathered by others.

On then he now marches in the middle of his Guards, which consisted of several Halbardiers and others, with his Staff of Authority in his hand, and attended by the Steward, Secretary, Master of the Household, and Register, who Recorded all his Actions; but hardly had they walk'd two streets, ere they discover'd the Watch hawling a Young Fellow, that was a Weaver by Trade, who having no mind to be Catechiz'd by the Constable, was running away, but the Watch taking him, brought him to the Governor. *Hab* says the Governor, *Friend where have you been Scaperlouring to Night? to take the Air, Sir,* says he, *and where do they take the Air, in this Island? Where it blows,* reply'd the Crack-rope *Very well Mr. Nimblechops,* says he, and

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suppose I should be the Wind that should blow you to Bridewell? In short a most pleasant Dialogue pass'd betwixt the Governor and this pickled Youth, and the Young Griceless so tickled the Fancy of his Governor with his witty Replies, that giving him a caution not to sport with Authority any more for the future, he suffer'd him to sleep in his own Bed, and he continuing his Rounds, many other Frolicksome Sparks hapned under his Examination, amongst whom was young *Don Diego* in a Masquerading Habit, Son and Heir Apparent of *Don Diego de Lana*, an opulent and wealthy Merchant, whom after some grave Admonitions *Don Sancho* Conducted home to his Fathers House, having a design on the Morrow to treat about a Match betwixt the Son and his Daughter *Sancho*.

In the Morning the Governor arose, and after he had eat what was provided him by *Punchinello's* Order, which was not much to *Sancho*, who was as hungry as a Kite, he proceeded again to Audience, and with that Facility and Justice, resolv'd all the Difficulties they propos'd, and pronounc'd such equitable Sentences upoh it, that the *Lacedemonian* Law giver could not have given more, which done, fresh Provisions were made by the Steward for his Dinner, who began now to make some Conscience of furnishing so perspicacious and worthy a Governor.

Now then had *Sancho* Din'd to his Content in spite of all the Aphorisms of the Doctor, when of a sudden a Courier entred the Hall, with a Letter from *Don Quixote*, which being publickly read, and by all highly Applauded for its Sense and Integrity; such was *Sancho's* Zeal to answer it, that rising up from his Chair, he immediately lock'd himself up in his Chamber, and order'd his Secretary to write as follows:

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My Lord Don Quixote, My Employment finds me so much Business, that I have not time so much as to scratch my Head, which is the sole reason that I have not wrote to you all this while, &c.

And thus ushering in the rest of his Story, gave his Master a full and ample Account of all things as they had gradually befalln him ever since the Commencement of his Government ; together with those Laws which he had contriv'd with himself for the Reformation of it, which were in short for the suppressing of publick Taxes, Rateing of Imports, especially of Wines, and for the laying Penalties upon all such as should Adulterate them, and regulating of Servants Wages, with several other most excellent and wholesome Laws and Constitutions which were from thence forth punctually to be observ'd under the the Title of *The Enactiions of the Great and Prudent Governor Sancha Pancha*. While then the Courier is dispatched with these Letters, let us look back a little upon *Don Quixote*, who by this finding himself pritty well cur'd of his Nail-Marks, and growing weary of that Lazie Life he lead in the Castle, determin'd to take leave of the Duke, and depart for *Saragosa*, when while, sitting with him at the Table, he was ushering in his Design with a studdy'd Complement, behold two Women entred the Room clad in Mourning Weeds from Head to Foot, who to tell you without any farther delay, were *Madam Sorrowful* and her Daughter, who you have so lately heard, had been baulk'd by the Farmer's Son, and dishonour'd by the Treacherous Insolence of that Country-Bumpkin, which *Mrs. Dorothy* renewing her Relation again of the ungracious usage of her Daughter, so passionately begg'd of him that he would espouse her

Quarrel

Quarrel, and either see her righted by Marriage, or a just Retribution for so Vilanous a Perfidiousness, that he promis'd her he would do it, and with the Duke's Permission, either Chastise the Hedgebird of a Traitor, that had robb'd her of her Honour, or Die in her Defence.

With this the Duke undertook for the Country Lad, that he should accept the Challenge, and that he would engage his Honour to see a fair Stage, and Justice done on both Sides, as all Princes were oblig'd to do that admitted of such Combats within their Territories, appointing both the Day and Manner of their Combate, which was to be with Lance and Buckler, without any Fraud or Treachery, according to the Custom of Knight-Er-rants; for which end the Place assign'd was the Court of the Castle, and the Day the Eighth ensuing, when the Lady and her Daughter are to deposite the Merits of their Cause in the Hands of their Champion, and submit to the Determination of force of Arms.

Upon this arriv'd the Courier, who brought the Governor's Letter to *Don Quixote*, which no less startled the whole Company, who was so much mistaken as to take the Governor for a Fool: To whom return we, as being the Flower of all Mankind that ever Govern'd Islands.

C H A P. XX.

Containing the toilsome Conclusion of Sancho Pancha's Government.

THere is nothing, says *Cid Hamet the Mahometan* Philosopher, constant in this World, Day swallows Night, Night Day, yet all things in their order return again.] But Man is that unhappy Creature that can call nothing his own, and is not Master of his present Enjoyments, such is the instability of his Fortune, &c. It was now the Seventh Night when the careful Governor, weary with Reformation of Abuses, betook himself to rest, and thinking to refresh his Animal Spirits, was beginning to close his Eyes, when of a sudden he heard the confused Noise of Tumult and Uproar, which made him start upon his Britch, and begin to think with himself how far this hurly burly might concern him, when about 20 of his Subjects with Swords and lighted Flambeaus glittering in their Hands, came into his Room, crying, *Arm, Arm, my Lord Governor, the Enemy's already in the Island, and we are all dead Men, unless assisted by your Valour and Prudence*; with which the unpractis'd Governor not understanding at all what belong'd to Arms, was so much at a Nonplus that he could not tell what to do with himself. But at last the Alarm growing hotter, consented to Arm, upon which they enclos'd him up in his Shirt, so with Bucklers both behind and before, that he could not so much as bend his Knees; but threw himself with such a force upon his first attempt, to the ground, that he gave

over

over all his Bones for broken, where he lay at his full length in his Shell, like some great Boat overturn'd upon the Sands with the Keel upward, while the unmerciful Cannibals first putting out all thier Lights, and then making a hideous hurley burley and clattering with their Swords, as if it had been the Battle of *Lepanto*, trampled too and again upon the poor Governors Body, without any Compassion, and like Farriers making of Horse-shoes, laid on at such a rate upon his Buckler, that they made him Sweat within his Iron Case, like a piece of Beef in an Oven, till at length, having sported with Authority, as much as they thought fit, one of them cry'd out, *Victory, Victory*, as if some Enemy had been put to flight, and very graciously help'd him up upon his Legs to share with them in their Conquest, at which time they uncas'd him, and return'd him again to his rest.

This was very severe usage, and the *Great Sancho* did not know how to digest it, and therefore getting himself up by break of the day, and dressing himself with some Member twitches you may be sure, away he marches to his *Grizle* into the Stable. *Ah ! faithful Beast*, says he, with Tears, *what happy Days, and Months, and Years, have I enjoy'd when thee and I only liv'd together, and had a right understanding one of another ; but since I have left thee, and clambred up the lofty Towers of Ambition, nought but hardships and disquietness have baref's'd my very Soul. Come, come*, says he, then a little recovering himself, *every Beast, I see must to her Mate : I find I was not born to be a Governor, and with this, Sadling and Mounting Grizle, and causing the Gates to be immediately open'd, away flew the Great Sancho*

from his *Islanders*, without so much as bidding them *Farewel*, beyond all their power of Revocation, towards the Castle to give the Duke an account of his Administration, and to let him know how unkindly his Enemies had us'd him.

Now before *Sancho* could reach within a League of the Castle, it grew dark, so that he was forc'd to bethink himself of taking up at the next Summer Lodging he could find, when his Unfortunate hour being come, it hapned that poor *Grizle* wandring about, and not seeing her way, tumbled of a sudden into a deep Cellar, which belong'd to the ruins of an old House, but falling on her Feet like a Cat, received no farther injury than the Dislocation of one of her Joynts by a Shoulder Sprain; which *Sancho*, being a skilful Bone-setter, soon put to rights. However, the Descent being steep, at least two story high, so that all the Governor could do at present, was to sit down and bewail his own Misfortunes. But at length the Sun compassionate of his Sufferings, lending some light into the Infernal Vault he luckily cast his Eyes upon a hole in the Wall, which being big enough; he and his Ass passed through into another Cavity, which seemed to enlarge it self the farther it extended. A thousand frightful Imaginations all this while possessing the mind of the distressed *Pancha*; while creeping slowly along, he marched about the space of half a League, all within these dreadful Obscurities; and might have perish'd there, had not Fortune, kinder than usual, brought the Knight to air him self that-Way, who by the help of the Duke's Servants drew him out, and carry'd him safe Home.

Fur, lo! as Misfortunes seldom come alone, an unhappy Accident befel poor *Sancho*, by the Way, which was this: The Duke's Servants having laid a Trap in the Garden, over which they must of necessity pass, had lain themselves upon the Grass as if they were asleep, when just as our Squire was upon the fatal Spot, they sprung an Engine under *Sancho's* Ass, which made the poor Beast throw her Rider sprawling into the Pond;



where he had certainly perish'd, had not the Servants timely ran in to his Assistance. The Knight all this time sat unconcern'd, as knowing it was the Effects of Necromancy, the Authors of which were to be annihilated in a few Days, by his invincible Arms.

C H A P. XXI.

Don Quixote's unaccountable Fight with a Foot-Boy in Vindication of Mrs. Dorothy's Daughter.

DAY being come for the Fatal Encounter, a Scaffold is erected by the Duke's command, for the Judges and the injur'd Ladies that had made their Complaints, when by and by comes in the Skip-kennel *Tosilos*, enclos'd in bright shining Iron, and preceded by a number of Trumpeters and then entred the Lists the peerless Champion of *Mancha*, when Drums ratling, and Trumpets eechoing the loud Signals of Battle, each one expected when the Knights would begin their Carreer, when *Tosilos* having fetch'd a Compass about the Barriers, and beheld the Amiable Countezanc of his lovely Enemy, was shot so smartly by the little Elf call'd Love, in the Ball of his Eye, that he was wounded to the Heart before his Antagonist had touch'd him, and by way of prevention of the Champions Fury, marched up to the Scaffold, where the Ladies sat, and thus with a low Obeysance bespake Mrs. Dorothy, *Madam*, says he, *my Heart Relents, and I am here ready to perform my promise, and marry your Daughter*; making haste presently to unlace yis Helmet. At what time Mrs. Dorothy, seeing of it to be *Tosilos*, cried, *A Cheat, a Cheat, it is only Tosilos*, when the Champion gravely and soberly repli'd, *Take it upon my Faith, Madam*, says he, *it is the very same Man you have Challeng'd, only thus transform'd through the cunning and inveterate animosity of these Necromancers, who continually*

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*usually persecute me, and therefore my Advice is, that the Damsel marry the Knight ; but after every one had given his Verdict, it was thus resolv'd, that the Marriage however, for better satisfaction, should be deferr'd for such a number of days, and Tosilos, the suspected person, in the mean time should be secured to see whether he would re-assume his former shape, and Don Quixot was proclaim'd Victor by a general consent. But I must tell you, the Champion weary of this lazy manner of Life in the Castle, had not patience to wait the Experiment to see whether Tosilos would return to his former Figure or no, but having taken his solemn Leave of the Duke and Dutchess over Night, the next Morning before the Sun was up, mounted his *Roxinante*, and took the direct Road for Saragosa.*

CHAP. XXII.

Recounting various Occurrences, and what befel the Don at the Inn.

DOn Quixot now in the open Field, began to be more Zealous in the chase of Adventures than ever, inveighing against Confinement, and extolling Liberty as the greatest Blessing that can be bestow'd upon Men, *Happy the Man,* says he, *whom Heaven has bless'd, tho but with a morsel of Bread, for which he has no further obligation unto any body, but to Heaven that gave it, &c.* When on a sudden, after many Discourses past betwixt him and his Squire, they found themselves in Sight of an Inn, to which they made, and where Don Quixot, being sore

and tir'd with the Effect of his last Enterprize, immediately took to his Chamber, leaving his Squire to take care of *Rosinante* and *Grizle*.

Don Quixot had not been long in the room before he overheard two Gentlemen in the next, reading and descanting upon the History of his Life, when one of them hapned amongst the rest of his Animadversions, to say, *That Don Quixot seem'd not to be so much Euamour'd of Dulcinea in the first part as in the second.*

The *Don* over-hearing them, *Whoever*, says he, *says that Don Quixot can forget Dulcinea; lies in his Throat, Constancy's my Motto, and such forgetfulness would be beneath Don Quixot.* Upon which had like to have happned a very fatal Encounter, had not the Gentlemen, understanding who he was, discreetly accommodated the Business, but entring in the Room, and throwing themselves about his Neck, they soon told him, that they were very well satisfi'd it was only a mistake of the Historian, who had not Recorded his passion so much for his Peerless *Dulcinea* in the first as in the Second Part; but that such mistake could no ways eclipse the lustre of his Name, whom the general Suffrage of the World concluded to be no less than undaunted, &c. and so invited him into their Chamber to Sup with them.

Where in various Discourses, they wasted good part of the Night, as also some times in reading the History, in which I must needs tell you, they observed one thing that was remarkable, and was the occasion of the Champions fixing his resolution for *Barcellona* instead of *Sarragosa*.

But the Night being far spent, it was time for them to take their leaves, and therefore the Champion, wishing them a good repose, retires into

his.

his Chamber to his rest, together with his incomparable Squire, who had been all this while Gutling and Drinking with the Inn-keeper.

Now no sooner was it day, but *Don Quixot* left the Inn, riding six days without meeting any considerable Adventure; but at last the Devil, who was always cutting out Work for him, putting him in mind of one, which was to lash *Sancho*, in obedience to the Oracle, and to execute the Penance which was imposed upon him by *Merlin*; taking off the Stirrup Leathers from *Rosinantes* Saddle, he began to untruss *Sancho's* Breeches; upon which *Benengeli* reports, there was a very hainous Kustle; but at last he consented once more to leave *Sancho*, who thought himself too good to be made a Whipping Post on, to his own free will; when of a sudden they were surprized by a whole Regiment of Highway-men, who, as ill luck would have it, rush'd in upon them at such a time when they were in no posture of Detence, *Don Quixot* being on foot without either Lance or Horie, so that it being no time to dispute, they were forced to stand and deliver, that is, suffer *Rozinante* and *Grizzle* to be disburthen'd of their Portmant c and Wallet, and happy was it for *Sancho* that his yellow Boys was fast tied in the lappit of his Shirt, which yet the honest Men would soon have found out, had it not been for *Roques Gunard* their Captain, but the Generous *Roques* interposing, sav'd our Two Adventurers from Plunder, at least caus'd all things to be safely return'd them again, which had been borrow'd by his Crew. I might tell you here of several things that occur'd during *Don Quixot* and his Squires stay with the Highway-Men, which was three days, in which several Booties

were

were taken; several sage and wise Discourses past betwixt the *Don* and *Roques Guinard*; the policy also used by the Captain and his Crew, and their manner of Government. But I haste to let you know, that at length *Don Quixot*, *Roques*, and *Sincho*, attended by six of the Jolly-band, arriv'd at *Barcellona* after three day were expir'd in the dusk of the Evening, from whence *Roques* retir'd a little aside, and wrote to one of his Friends there, signifying to him what a Guest they had in the Town, and desiring him to give Notice of him to such of his Friends as he intended should partake of the Pastime, which occasioned what follows.

No sooner was the Sun up but our Adventurers were of a sudden surrounded by a Troop of Gentlemen, of which one was *Roques's* Friend, to whom he had written, and given the Character of our Champion, who presently cry'd out altogether, *Welcome the Great, the Valiant Don Quixot, the True and Admirable Knight of Mancha*. Upon which *Don Quixot* was too much in a Labyrinth to answer. But one of the Gentlemen *Roque's* Friend, the Wealthy *Antonio Moreno*, and one of the most considerable Persons in *Barcelona*, singling him out, and giving him to understand that they were all the familiar Friends of *Roques Guinard*, of his Arrival, and his particular Recommendations of him into their esteem; it pritty well disintangled him again into his Senses, and made him so much Master of himself, as to be able to repay them with those Acknowledgements that were due to such a Courtesy, especially the Courteous *Antonio*, whom upon his Entreaties, he accompani'd to his House, together with that Mirror of a Squire of his *Sancho Pancha*.

Now *Antonio Moreno*, having them in his House,

House, resolv'd to make Sport with them, and the first thing that he did was to show *Don Quixot* in his Antick Habit, in his Balcony which look'd into one of the principal Streets in the City. The next thing was to invite his Friends, to be partakers of the same diversion with himself, who treated *Don Quixot* with all the specious Reverence and Ceremoney, that he was almost asham'd to see himself so highly honour'd. The next thing was to expose him to the whole City; to which end they took a turn about it in the Ev'ning. At what time they pinn'd a large Sheet of Parchment upon his back, whereupon was written, This is *Don Quixot de la Mancha*, so that every Man, Woman, and Child, reading that Inscription, as readily had his Name at their tongues end, as if the whole City had been of his Acquaintance.

But numerous were the Diversions they made themselves with his Extravagancies, which I can; not have time here to recount, but with nothing more than a sort of *Speaking Head*, which *Don* it seems had caus'd to be made, in imitation of one he which had seen at *Madrid*, to abuse the credulity of the people.

But now comes on the fatal hour, when Luck that slippery Quean is to leave our Champio in the Lurch.

One Morning it hapned that *Don Quixot* riding Cap-a-pee, abroad to take the Air, beheld at a distance another Knight stalking towards him Arm'd at all points like himself, bearing in his Shield the glittering Moon blazon'd in her proper Colours. Who drawing near, *Illustrious Knight*, cri'd he with a loud Voice, *Don Quixot de la Mancha*, I am the Knight of the White Moon, who am come to prove thy strength here, by fair and squal Combate, and to make thee acknowledge that my Lady, let her be who she will,

is in all points to be preferr'd before Dulcinea, which doing, thou wilt avoid a most assured Death, or otherwise our Combat shall be upon these Conditions, If thou vanquishst one of the most Renowned Knights in the World; but if it be my fortune to overcome thee I demand of thee that thou would'st lay by thy Arms, at least for one whole Year, and return to thy House, and not presume to handle thy Arms any more, during that space. This is the Stratagem that Don Carasco, for such was the name of the Knight, had been contriving with him self, ever since he had so unluckily taken upon him the Title of the *Knight of the Looking Glasses*, and encountering Don Quixot in the Road upon his *Hackney Errant*, had been overthrown.

Don Quixot amaz'd at the Insolence of the Knight, and the subject of his Challenge, made no more to do, but with a proud, surly, disdainful Air, told him, *He accepted his Challenge, and that success should speedily declare as well the falsehood of what he asserted, and which of them knew best to handle a Lance, &c.*

Now the *Vice-Roy* of the City inform'd that the *Knight of the White Moon* had been thus parlying with Don Quixot, took Horse, and interpos'd to know the reason of their Quarrel: But the *Knight of the Moon* having given it him in short and he fancying it to be only a jocular Contrivance of the Gentry, to make themselves sport, he suffer'd them to go on.

And so each taking their Post, without any Trumpet or any other Warlike Instrument to give the Signal, away they flew like Rockets in the Air to meet one another at the gates of Death, when doleful to tell you the *Knight of the Moon* being by far the better Hors'd, without so much as using his Lance, brush'd by the *Knight of Mancha*,

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and overthrew both Horse and Man to the ground and with that violence, that poor *Sancho*, who came at the latter end of the fray, was afraid that he should have had occasion for another Funeral Oration.

With this the *Knight of the Moon* made no more to do, but whipping from his Horse, and putting the Point of his Lance to *Don Quixote's* Vizer, *Sir Knight*, says he, *your Life's at an end, unless you perform the Conditions of the Combat.* *Don Quixote* was so bruis'd and stun'd with his Fall, that he had but little breath left him, but yet too much to tarnish the Beauties of his *Dulcinea* with, and therefore would not breath out the least thing that might tend to her dishonour. But however engaging himself upon the Faith of a true Knight, to do whatever else was requir'd, the *Knight of the Moon* was fully satisfy'd, and so saluting the Vice-Roy, return'd back again into the City. While the standers by lifting *Don Quixote* upon his Bum, found him pale and dejected, and in a cold Sweat, as if he was ready to expire; upon which the Vice-Roy sending for an Elbow-Chair and two or three Pillows, order'd him to be carried, like some Labourer fallen from the top of an House, back into the City: Where we must leave him, reflecting upon his Misfortunes, and resolving as soon as his Bones were a little settled to take his leave of Unfortunate *Barcellona*.

C H A P. XXII.

Don Quixote's Travel homewards. and what happened by the way, with the Adventure of the Bristles.

NOW then is *Don Quixote* upon his *Rosinante*, his Arms laid aside, whilst *Sancha* is forc'd to beat it upon the Hoof, in regard that *Grizle* was forc'd to bear the Knight's Furniture. It is true *Sancha* was clearly for hanging up the old Iron upon the next Tree, in Imitation of the Knight that crack'd *Orlando Furioso's* Scull; but his Master, upon mature Deliberation, not permitting, it was not done.

This Night they both slept under the Canopy of Heaven, not having met with any considerable Adventure or Occurrence all the Day: But the next Morning, continuing on their Journey, they saw coming along the Road my Lord Duke's Footman, *Tosilos*, with a Packet from the Vice-Roy of *Barcelona*, for his Master. I only name this, because the meeting of this Lackey, was the occasion of so much Discourse betwixt *Don Quixote* and his Squire, concerning his Transformation, whether it was real or no, that is, whether *Tosilos* was really *Tosilos*, or some Knight under that Disguise. I think the Champion also put a great many Questions to him, which the Lackey resolv'd with as many Scrapes, and Congees, before he gave his Answer.

Their whole Diversion now upon the Road was Tit-Tat, while at last they arriv'd at the Place where the Mad-Bulls had mortify'd their Carcase, which *Don Quixote* had Cause enough

to remember. And reflecting upon the Ladies and Sparks they had met there in Shepherds Weeds, a sudden Frolick took him of turning Shepherd, till the time should expire, in which he had promis'd not to take up Arms, and had certainly put his Design into Practice; had not *Sancha* by his Arguments diverted him, so mightily was he taken with the Conceit; and the pleasant innocent rural Life they should lead in the Woods and Downs, by Chrystal Fountains and Rivers.

Now by this time it grew late again, so that they were forc'd to seek for shelter in the next Wood, where after a Lent Supper, they betook themselves to their usual Rest, where they had not long rested e'er they were waked by a Noise spread itself over the whole Valley; upon which *Don Quixote* starting upon his Feet, laid his hand on his Sword, but as for *Sancha*, he intrenched himself on both Sides with his Arms and Pack-Saddle under *Grizle's* Belly, panting as the noise encreased, like a Mouse in the Cat's Claws. Now the Noise you must know was occasion by a vast Herd of Swine, which were driving to Market, and the Knight and the Squire standing full in their way, the Boarish Animals, press'd forward by their Drivers, rush'd in upon him without the least Respect or Veneration, some running between *Sancha's*, some between *Don Quixote's* Legs, insomuch that they not only level'd both Master and Man with the Gound, but betrampel'd Proverbs and Moral Knighthood, at that Hoggish rate, that sometimes they fell down and brush'd the Champion's Chaps, with their uneasie Bristles, and sometimes others would be so kind as to give 'em a Buss at parting, and with their *Egyptian* Nose-Rings, lend them a rake o'th' Cheeks, insomuch that both the Philosophers had almost lost all their Patience. But on went the Grunting Crew.

Crew without any remorse for their uncivil usage either of Knight-Errantry, or his Squireship, who made shift for all this to sleep out the rest of the Night, at least *Sancha* who shut soon again the Portcullices of his Eyes; and clapping his Breech to the Calves of his Legs, as Maids do at Church, fell very quickly into a profound Trance. But I suppose the Don's sleep was not altogether so sound, because he laid too much to Heart his being thrash'd, and the Absence of his *Dulcinea*. By this time it was broad Day, when mounting their Dromedaries, they continu'd on their Journey till towards Evening. At what time they saw coming towards them, about eight or ten Men a Horse-back, and five on Foot, at which *Don Quixote* and *Sancha* were not a little dismay'd, believing them to be such as us'd to borrow upon the Road, and never pay again, which belief of theirs was confirm'd, when they came up and us'd their Pistols as they did, but in short, they were not the Men they took them for, but their Business was, having Intelligence that they were upon the Road, to hurry them away immediately to the Duke's Castle, which they did, carrying them into the chief Court, as you shall find in the following Chapter.

G. H. A. P.

C H A P. XXV.

Containing the strangest Adventure Don Quixote ever met with, also an Account of Sancha's Penance, &c.

INto this Court the Horsemen, together with Footmen being entred, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancha* being rudely taken from their Horses, and dragg'd to a Theatre erected in a corner of the Court, was set down on one side of it.

This Stage or Theatre was built for the Representatives of *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, Chief Judges of Hell, according to the Fictions of the Poets, and the whole Solemnity here, in few words, was only a horrid, dismal, frightful Scene, to strike a Terror into our poor Adventurers, and to make Sport. Here blaz'd the Tapers, there stood a black and melancholy Tomb covered with the Corps of a deceased Virgin, there the lighted Torches shone with a Funeral Light, and a deep and sullen silence added to the rest of the amazing Horrors, but in fine, the whole Design being accomplish'd, and *Sancha* being soundly kick'd, pinch'd, and worried, according to the Sentence of *Radamanthus*, for the Redemption of Madam *Tomboy* to Life, who all this while seem'd to lie deeply Entranc'd upon the Tomb, fast ty'd by Infernal Charms, till such time as the irrevocable will of Fate should be fulfill'd, upon the Squire of that Knight, for whose sake the miserable Damsel had been reduc'd to that Condition, for you must know Squires all along in Stories of Knight-Errantry are the Hackneys to bear their Masters Burthens; the Company was dismiss'd, the

the Court clear'd, and Don Quixote and Sancha conducted to their Chambers.

Sancha lay this Night in a Bed by his Master, and made shift to sleep and snore too, like a Boar in his Frank; but the Master himself was swallow'd up in his usual Dreams and Deliriums, when just as he had recover'd himself and was about to rise, Madam Tomboy entred the Room, leaning upon a stick of Ebony, and in so surprising a Dress, that not regarding any Complements to Ladies, he made shift to withdraw himself under the Bed-cloaths, and cover himself over Head and Ears: However, Madam Tomboy sat her down in a Chair by the Bed-side, and fetching a deep Sigh, *It is but two Days ago*, says she, *my Lord, Don Quixote, &c.* and so went on with a long Story of her Death, by means of the Repentment of her Rigour, and that she must still have remained in the Grave, had she not been reliev'd by the Sufferings of his Compassionate Squire. But my time will not give me leave to give you the Discourse at length betwixt her and the Knight, and his Squire, which was diverting enough. But I proceed to tell you, that Don Quixote beg'd leave of the Duke and Dutchess to be gone betimes the next Morning, *For the Caves and Dens*, he said, *better became a Vanquish'd Knight than the Palaces of Princes.*

Being then now upon the Road, Don Quixote and Sancha began to come to an Accommodation concerning the Penance Sancha was to undergo, for the Disenchantment of his Mistress Dulcinea, for now was the Champion so much possess'd with the belief of his wonderful Gift that way, since his Restoration of Mrs. Tomboy, that he would have given him Mountains of Gold if he had had them to have him have undertaken the Deliverance of his Queen of Beauty. In short, I think they

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agreed for so much a Lash, and *Sancho* resolv'd for the earning of his Money as soon as he should come to a place convenient. When at length approaching Night befriending him, brought him to a Place most suitable to his purpose; it was a shady Wood, remote from the Highway, where letting loose the two loving Couple *Rosinante* and *Grizle*, to shift for themselves, and lining himself well within by plentiful eating and drinking, he made himself a most unmerciful lick'd Back, which was of *Grizle's* Halter, and the two Girts of *Rosinante's* Saddle, and stripping himself to his Waste, retir'd into the Wood some Twenty Paces from his Master, when *Don Quixote* seeing him march Naked from him, with such a surly Air, as seem'd to threaten no less than the destruction of Nature's Delicate Frame of Arteries and Muscles, began with a compassionate Tone to caution him not to be too cruel to his own Flesh: No, no, no Danger, Master, says *Sancho*, for tho' I intend to curry my hide as befits me, yet I shall take care of the Main Chance, and with that the Coney-catching hang-dog a Lashing the Oak-Trees like a *Winchester* School-master, groaning at every Lash, as if his Soul was taking leave of his Body, till *Don Quixote* wearied with the unconscionable sound of the Strokes, and thinking he had been all this while a clawing of his own Skin, ran in and seiz'd the Instrument, and would not suffer him to finish his Penance at this time.

But the next Night *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* Lodg'd again among the Trees, and *Sancho* had an opportunity to accomplish his Penance, which the faithful Squire courageously perform'd, at the severe Expence of the Bark and Bushes, but preserving his own Skin so well, that a Fly would not have stirr'd from his Back for what mortification

cation he gave it, and considering *Don Quixote* kept an exact Account of the Strokes, which since they did not light upon the right Place, *Sancha* was unwilling to trust his Secrets with the blab-tongu'd Light, and took care to cover his Nakedness before Morning.

All this Day and the Night following produc'd nothing considerable, but they Rode many tedious Miles without any Adventure, only whenever they met any Woman-kind, they Rode up and star'd in her Face, in hopes to meet the Disenchanted *Dulcinea*, till at length they mounted up a Hill from whence they discover'd their own Village. But oh! the Rapture *Sancha* was in when he saw with his own Eyes again the Place of his Nativity, which ended, and *Don Quixote* having given his Squire some Instructions how to behave himself, they descended the Hill, and began to draw near the Place of their Habitation.

CH A P. XXVI.

Of the Don and the Squires Arrival at their own Village. Of Don Quixote's Sickness, and the Will that he made; and of his Death.

UPON their approach to the Village, while *Sancha* was tatling to his Master, came up the Curate, and *Cerofca*, who presently ran to embrace their old Friends, with whom *Don Quixote* soon arriv'd at his own House, where his Maid and his Niece attended his coming.

Whither also came *Teresa*, being inform'd of their coming home, with her Hair about her Ears, and pulling her Daughter after her, who ran like a Doe in her hand, where after some Ceremonies of Love and Duty perform'd betwixt the Husband

and the Wife, and the Daughter, *Teresa* took him under the Arm, and *Sancho* fastning the Wasteband of his Breeches, away they tugg'd him to his Cottage, and put him to Bed, and brought him up his Supper, and after he had done, they drew the Curtains, and left him to his repose:

But who art thou, O presumptuous Man! That pretend'st to dispose either of thy self or Affairs, and resign'st not thy self to the All-Sovereign Ruler both of Persons and Events? While Don Quixote thus proposes to himself a Merry Life, and then to re-assume his Profession, behold him snatch'd away by the sudden Hand of Death.

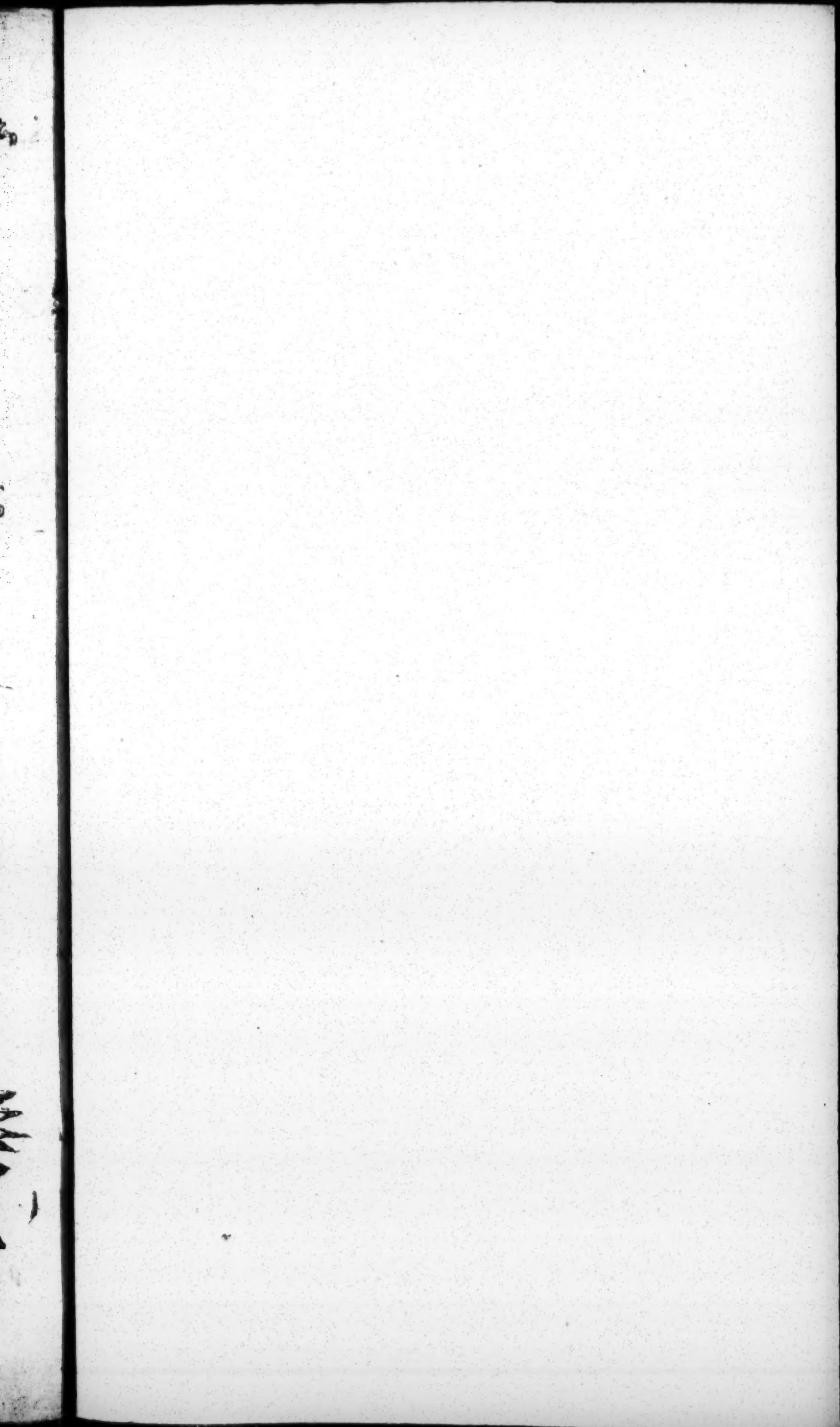
But before this I should tell you, he was very sick, for he was seiz'd of a Burning Fever, which enforc'd him to keep his Bed six Days, and was so severe upon him, that all the Consolations of his Friends, and *Sancho's* Twittle Twattle, cou'd not excite him to Mirth. At what time finding his Death approaching, he began to make his Confession, and prepare to Die like a Christian, and with a cheerful Voice, says he, *Come Neighbours, I am now no more Don Quixote of Mancha, but plain Mr. Alonso Quixano, and an utter Enemy to Amadis de Gaul, wholly detesting and abominating all the whole Rabble of Knight-Errants, and all those ungodly Legends of Wandring Chivalry, that have so besotted my Understanding. In a word, I have liv'd like a Fool, and am now resolv'd to Die in my Wits, and in the Bed of Repentance, for I find my Death approaching; and so ordering a scrivener to be sent for, and bequeathing as he thought fit, and settling things in due form, departed this Life; upon whom the Student *Casca* made this following Epitaph.*

Here seiz'd by Death's immediate Warrant,
 Lies one that call'd himself Knight-Errent,
 In search of Fame, from home he rub'd,
 And got himself by Tapster dub'd.
 Thus made a Knight, away he posted
 To be lambasted and rib-roasted.
 He bravely did his Sword devote,
 To succour Female Petticoat.
 A shame to Fortune so to vex,
 The stout Defender of her Sex.
 For always she in Honour's Porch,
 Unkindly left him in the lurch,
 And when half kill'd with Clubs and Stones,
 The Punk would Laugh to see his Wounds.
 In short, he slept, awake, and lull'd,
 With Honour's Charms, himself befool'd,
 His Life was peaceful yet outrageous,
 To shew that Honour's an'edg'd Tool,
 Not to be dallied with by every Fool.

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Cur. Hermann, 1880

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